McKean County Miner.

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OLD MAN HELD UP AND ROBBED BY GYPSEY WOMEN

Ottis Irons Had His Pockets Picked Tuesday Afternoon.

TRIED TO TELL HIS FORTUNE.

Got His Pocketbook Containing Between $40 and $50.—Four Women do Clever Touch Act and Get Away—Constables After Them.

On Tuesday afternoon as Ottis Irons was going to his home at the end of Marvin street, this borough, he was accosted by four Gypsey women who stated that they wanted to tell his fortune. Mr. Irons did not care particularly about looking into the dim and misty future, but was willing to discuss the matter with them, and a lively argument followed. The women gathered closely around him, and while one was attempting to read his palm the others were urging him to pay real money and learn of much happiness in his future. It is said they told him that some misfortune would befall him if he did not cross his palm with silver, but he did not take them seriously and supposedly kept his money in his pockets.

The next morning when he reached into his trousers pocket he discovered that Gypseys do sometimes come pretty nearly foretelling a man's future. He discovered that he had met with the predicted misfortune in the loss of his pocketbook which contained upwards of $50. A further search of his pockets revealed the pocketbook, but not the money. The purse had been opened and all the legal tender, excepting four one dollar bills had disappeared.

Mr. Irons came over to town early yesterday morning and after consulting an attorney swore out warrants for the gay fortune tellers and Constable Geo. Shepard accompanied by Ex-Constable "Billy" Jones started after them. It was alleged that the Gypsies spent the night near the head of Marvin creek and made an early start the next morning for parts unknown.

The officers were hot on their trail all day yesterday and did not return home last night. This morning it was reported on the street that the party had been arrested near Rew City and would be brought here to-day, but up to the time of going to press they have not appeared and we have not been able to verify the report. However, it is reasonably certain that Messrs. Shepard and Jones will apprehend them before they return home.

LICENSE COURT.

It Has Occupied the Attention of Judge Bouton This Week.

This has been the most active license court we have had in this vicinity for the past ten or perhaps twenty years. Judge Joseph W. Bouton has been busy hearing evidence either for or against the granting of several licenses in this county from Monday afternoon until to-day noon and has not handed down his decision in any of the cases but will do so when Argument Court convenes this afternoon.

It is not probable that he will refuse any of the licenses asked for which have been granted before and to which there has been no objections filed, but what his decision will be in the cases where contests have been made it is hard to say.

Some of the men who objected to licenses did not want to appear in court but Judge Bouton does not do business that way, and when letters were sent to him telling of violations of the liquor laws, he immediately turned them over to District Attorney Mayo with orders to subpoena all parties interested and let them give their testimony in open court. This seemed to displease some of the letter writers but the Judge believes in giving all a fair field in the liquor contests as well as all other matters that come before him.

The licences of which there were contests are: William Van Sickles, Allegany House, Port Allegany; Patrick Rogan, Connelly House, Port Allegany; John D. Block, White Star Restaurant, Hazelhurst; W. F. Parks, Rew City House, Rew City; P. J. Hennessy, Pierce House, Bradford, and Harry Solt, Washington House, Bradford.

Office Closed.

On account of attending Lake Erie Dental Society meeting at Cambridge Springs, my office will be closed Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, May 18-20. Open Friday.

DR. J. V. MCALPIN.

Easter Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

SAVING $28,000,000.

The Most Impressive Reason For Favoring Better Highways.

I have gone to some trouble to figure out the savings which the farmers could make in the handling of the three great staples, corn, wheat, and cotton, over hard roads. I wish every farmer in the United States could have the resultant figures dinned in his ears every morning of his life. If he once gave them consideration the County Supervisor who dared, by his ballot, record himself as inimical to good road extension, would not dare go abroad without a bodyguard.

The figures I used were for the harvest of 1905-1906. The corn marketed that year weighed 10,088,000 tons. The average weight of the wagon loads hauled was 2,606 pounds and the total number of loads was 14,156,528. The average length of the haul was 7.4 miles; the total mileage hauled over 104,738,307. Every ton hauled per mile cost 19 cents, and the total cost of marketing the crop by wagon was $20,330,698.

The average cost of hauling over hard roads per mile would be not more than $0.10, a saving of $0.09 a ton, due to hard roads would then make the marketing of such a crop $12,709,278 less than the actual cost.

The saving on the wheat crop figured $10,256,058 and on the cotton crop $5,076,183. The aggregated saving to the farmers who market those three staples would have been $28,041,519. If the farmer wants a stronger reason than that for championing the building of good roads in his county, I'll have to refer him elsewhere. I know no stronger one.—Logan Waller Page, Director U. S. Office of Public Roads.

The above shows the saving to farmers in the West through good roads and some may say that conditions are different as one might think. Farms of course are much smaller and the amount of products to be brought to market relatively reduced, but the difference in cost of bringing produce to market here is, if anything, greater over our present roads and what they would be over properly improved roads than the above article shows.

In the fall of the year when most of our produce is ready for market, it is a good day's work for the average farm team to draw a ton of produce anywhere from 6 to 10 miles to market.

With improved roads that team could draw two tons of the same produce to the same market and do it in much less than a day, with much less fatigue to the horses and man and less than half the wear on wagons, etc. Good roads would also make it easy to bring produce to market at times when it brings the highest market price and when under present conditions the roads are so bad that it is almost impossible to make the trip.

Automobilists and other tourists also derive much pleasure and benefit from good roads but the man who gets the real financial benefit is the man who needs the road every day in the year for business. Good roads are like good advertising—they bring buyer and seller together to the mutual benefit of both.

Seriously Injured.

While Robert Campbell, his father and brother, Walter, were engaged in cleaning a piece of land on the Westmore road, Robert met with a fatal accident.

He was engaged in blowing out stumps, using dynamite, when in some unknown manner a charge went off while Mr. Campbell was nearby. His father and brother, who were about twenty-five yards from him when the explosion occurred, turned and saw him running from the stump, but he fell to the ground before he had run very far.

They went to him and found he had been badly injured, and as soon as possible they hitched a team and brought him to the Kane Summit hospital. It was found that he had a bad fracture of the skull and Dr. Kane worked with him for some time, the injury being very serious, with slight chance for his recovery.

However a report from the hospital states that he put in a very good night, and from all indications now might get better, which is pleasing news to his many friends.—Tuesday's Kane Republican.

Burned to Death at Franklin.

Before aid could reach her, Miss Mary Kern, 45 years old, was burned to death Tuesday night in a fire that destroyed the home where she and her sister, Mrs. Anna Mays, lived alone at Valley Extension, a suburb of Franklin, Pa.

At 9:45 o'clock Mrs. Mays went to the home of a neighbor for a few minutes. While sitting there she heard an explosion and rushing to the street she saw her home in flames, supposedly caused by a gas explosion. Miss Kerns appeared at an upper window, uttered a scream and then fell back into the blaze that had filled every part of the house.

For Sale.

8 new milch cows. C. H. GLEASON

The County Fair.

The future of this county, if it is to have a future worth consideration, must be based largely upon agriculture, and as a result it is the bounden duty of every well-wisher of the county as a whole, to put his shoulder to the agricultural wheel and push it forward.

Along in September the McKean County Fair Association will hold its annual fair at Smethport, and that it be the success it deserves to be, and the best interest of the county demands, every citizen and especially every farmer, should take steps at once to contribute toward the enterprise.

There is scarcely a single family in the county that may not make some contribution to the exhibits, and certainly no family which derives his living from the soil but may contribute more than a little.

This is the season of planting and it is up to every farmer, and every farmer's wife, to plant at least one crop with a view to growing something for exhibition purposes. It is not necessary that the product be the greatest ever, but just the best your particular farm will produce under good fertilization and proper care.

If you cannot plant something with a view to growing an exhibit, then turn your attention to the fruit trees, spray them, fertilize them, thin out, that a portion of the fruit of your orchard may have the required opportunity to develop, and bring that.

If not a grain or vegetable, nor yet a fruit, then turn to the live stock; bring the fatted calf, the best cow, steer, bull, horse or colt, or sheep or pig—bring something.

Above all do not loose sight of the fact that this must in time become an agricultural county, and the shortest route to that, and your own prosperity is via the county fair.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

The Kidnapers Sentenced.

At Mercer, Pa., on Monday James Boyle was sentenced to life imprisonment and his wife to 25 years in the Western penitentiary at Pittsburg, for the parts they took in the kidnaping of "Billy" Whitla, and they have commenced to serve out their sentences.

Both Boyle and his wife collapsed completely upon hearing their sentences pronounced. When they were started back to the jail from the courtroom Boyle managed to walk with assistance down the stairs, but upon reaching the front door he became limp and unable to stand.

Before leaving the jail for the penitentiary Boyle made a very sensational statement relative to the kidnaping. He says he saw Harry Forker, a brother of Mrs. Whitla, standing over the dead body of Dan Ruble, Jr., in Youngstown some years ago, with a packet of letters in his hand and that in his hurry to get away he picked up more letters off the sidewalk near the dead body and that he had used them to blackmail Forker ever since.

He further states that about six months ago he demanded $5,000 from Forker, who could not raise the money, but instead planned the kidnaping of Willie Whitla, and that Forker was to have received half of the spoils. And he further stated that he met Mr. Whitla in Cleveland and showed him a letter from Forker and turned over the letters he had held for years upon the promise that he would not be prosecuted.

It is a strange story and is not credited in Mercer.

Roosevelt's Hunting.

Nairobi, May 10.—A bulky rhinoceros is the largest prize wrested from the jungle by Colonel Roosevelt. From the ex-President's camp near Machakos word was brought down to-day that the luck of the Roosevelt party continues and that 15 varieties of game, including the big rhino, have been bagged on the last expedition. The rhinoceros was charging Mr. Roosevelt when the hunter fired. The distance was 14 paces and the animal fell dead.

The naturalists of the party are kept busy preparing the trophies which Mr. Roosevelt and his son Kermit are bringing in daily.

Forty-five skins already have been prepared for the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

Although it was reported more than a week ago that the Roosevelt party was out particularly for giraffes, the reports from East Africa made no mention of any success in the search. Giraffes are more scarce than any variety of large game there.

Mr. Roosevelt has yet to meet a hippopotamus and an elephant. Of the latter there are none in the region he is now hunting, but it is believed he will meet with a hippo before he quits the valley, for they are comparatively plenty there. About 150 of them were killed in the protectorate in the 1906-7 season.

It is said that within a few days probably on Sunday, the Roosevelt caravan will move on to the Sotik district which lies 50 or 60 miles to the northwest of Nairobi and Lake Victoria.

Appointments can be made with Dr. Pierce for dental services by 'phone, postal card or personally. At present, office at residence.

2,500 FEET OF HOSE FOR SMETHPORT,

Borough Council Decide on This at Meeting Monday Night.

WILL GIVE EXCELLENT PROTECTION

This is Sufficient to Allow Use of Engine in Any Part of Town—New Cart and Drying Tower Needed and Will Probably Come Later.—Insurance Rates Should be Lowered.

At an adjourned meeting of the borough council Monday evening this body decided to purchase 2,500 feet of hose for fire protection in Smethport. All the members of the council were in favor of purchasing hose but there was considerable difference of opinion as to how much hose should be purchased and the quality and price of the same. However they finally decided on 2,500 feet of Arrow Brand hose manufactured by a Connecticut firm.

It is said to be a strong fabric hose, four ply rubber, interlined, has the patent thread which cannot become crossed when making hurried connections; will stand a pressure of 400 pounds to the square inch, and is used extensively in many of the large cities. This hose will cost the borough 90 cents per foot or about $2,250, but it is a necessary investment and the council looked at the matter in the right light.

With this amount of hose and the old hose which is available for fire-fighting purposes Smethport will have about the best apparatus of any town of its size in this section. This new hose will make it possible to use two streams from the engine on most any of the large buildings in town and four on nearly all in the central part of town. Add to this two streams from the hydrants on gravity pressure and it gives about as good pressure as can be had.

If we could have two small carts to take the place of the large one now in use it would make it much easier for the fire department to get to a fire in fast time, but the hose boys have always managed to make good time despite this handicap and with the assistance of the pavement they can make good time until the borough gets in a little better shape to make the change.

A tower for drying hose is another needed improvement to the hose house and would save its cost in the preservation of hose in a few years, and we have no doubt but what these will come in due time.

Within the past two years many improvements have been made which should materially reduce the insurance rates in this borough. The pavement and this new hose should take of several points from the present rate, and this matter should be brought most forcibly before the proper people at the first opportunity.

Monument Unveiled.

Free transportation paid by the State of Pennsylvania for the old soldiers of the third division, ninth army corps, to visit the rebel fort, Mahone, near Petersburg, Va., which they captured on the morning of the 2nd of April, 1865, and a monument paid for by the State is to be unveiled at 12 o'clock, noon, on the 19th of May, 1909. President Taft has accepted an invitation to be there. J. C. Cunningham of the 207th and S. S. Provin of the 211th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and the Hartranft Division expect to go on the 17th inst. It will also give the comrades a chance to visit Fort Stedman where the rebels broke through the lines at 4 o'clock in the morning of the 25th of March, 1865. With 20,000 men captured the garrison before some had their shoes tied and turned the guns of the Fort on us and the rebels rushed right for the railroad that brought supplies for the Army of the Potomac. Hartranft's Division was called up early and put into action. The General received orders to hold the enemy in check until reinforcements came, but General Hartranft did not not wait, but ordered the Division into line of battle charge on the enemy and recaptured the Fort with a part of the 3rd corps in sight. We captured 1900 prisoners. For this General Hartranft was made a Major General.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address,

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House. Smethport, Pa.

For Sale Cheap.

Two wood stoves in good condition One dress form as good as new. Dining table, gas range and sewing machine. Will be sold very cheap for cash. Call on Mrs. Frank W. Backus, East Main street.

NEW LAWS.

Governor Stuart Signs Several and Vetoes Others.

On Saturday last Governor Stuart signed the following bills, which are of interest to our readers:

Regulating the sale of cocaine and other drugs, requiring a prescription from a physician, dentist or veterinarian.

Amending the act providing for the better protection of sheep in Erie county, requiring dogs to wear collars with license tags attached.

Prohibiting foreigners from killing song birds, animals or game with shot guns or rifles; also prohibiting foreigners from carrying guns or rifles, and fixing penalties for the violation thereof.

Validating the increase of debt or increase of indebtedness of townships for the purpose of macadamizing roads and highway building.

To prevent the manufacture and sale of adulterated or misbranded drugs, defining the word "drugs," and providing for the enforcement of this act.

Requiring commissioners of each county to publish annually, once a week for four weeks, in the month of February, a full and accurate statement of all receipts and expenditures of the preceding year in one or more newspapers.

Regulating the catching, taking and the destruction of fish in the Delaware river, about Trenton Falls, within the jurisdiction of Pennsylvania, in conforming with the laws of New Jersey and Maryland.

Amending the act relating to the collection of taxes in the several boroughs and townships so as to fix the amount of bond at not more than the amount of taxes charged and assessed in the duplicates delivered to collectors of taxes.

Amending the act relating to proceedings where goods and chattels have been levied upon, requiring the claimant to furnish a bond of twice the amount of the goods levied upon; providing for the appraisement and fixing the sheriff's fee at $4, the claimant to pay the fee.

Providing that lawyers who are admitted to practice in the supreme court can practice in any other court without being admitted to the lower court.

Authorizing a widow to accept real estate in partition, or compete in bidding therefor, and providing the method by which the dower interests of the widow and the principal of the dower fund shall be secured in certain cases.

To continue the existence of commissioners for the promotion of uniformity of legislation in the United States for an additional term of four years with the same powers, duties and privileges.

Amending the act relating to county rates and levies and townships rates so as to require the assessor to specify in his triennial assessment the transfer of real estate; the destruction of buildings and the amount of coal mined therefrom.

Providing for the appointment of viewers in the erection of county bridges to take the place of existing bridges, or changing the location where there is to be an expense greater than provided for.

Governor Stuart vetoed the following bills:

Wertz bill, amending the act of April 17, 1905, providing for the determination by courts of common pleas on all disputes as to the reasonableness of the amount of license fees between municipal corporations and telegraph, telephone and light and power companies, by extending the provisions thereof to water, gas, natural gas and other companies occupying public highways with their several instrumentalities.

Crow bill, providing for the recovery and collection of municipal claims for street improvement.

Blewitt bill, compelling all hospitals receiving state appropriations to give free of charge private rooms and attendance to any paid or volunteer firemen injured in the performance of his duty or who contracts illness in the performance of duty.

Manbeck bill, directing the state economic zoologist to prepare for free distribution a catalogue of Pennsylvania insects, designed to be of use in suppressing insect pests.

Providing for the relief of any surety upon the official bond of any public officer.

Empowering first-class township commissioners to contract for fire hydrants and street lights in villages.

Authorizing lien creditors to procure fire insurance upon buildings erected upon real estate against which liens are entered.

Authorizing justices of the peace or police magistrates to issue search warrants in cases of cruelty to animals.

Providing that foreign corporations may hold real estate in Pennsylvania subject to the Pennsylvania laws.

Bentley bill, providing for the inspection of steam boilers outside of first and second class cities.

Providing that non-resident persons, firms or corporations must obtain from the state treasurer a "simple liquor merchant's" license an annual fee of $200 before selling liquor in this state.

Guilty of Heinous Crime.

John I. Whiting, aged 58, for 17 years a resident of Bolivar, was yesterday sentenced by Judge Charles H. Brown in the court room at Belmont to hard labor in Auburn prison for a term of not less than 10 years 6 months and not more than 20 years. Mr. Whiting was arrested in Bolivar on Tuesday evening on a bench warrant issued by Judge Brown that afternoon, following an indictment by the grand jury on a charge of rape in the first degree. The information was furnished by Mr. Whiting's daughters, one aged 14, the other 10, residents of Bolivar, and later substantiated by a confession from Whiting. The details are unprintable, says the Bolivar Breeze.

That a father could so far forget himself and stoop so low as to commit an unspeakable crime against his motherless little daughters is one of the inexplainable mysteries of life. Yet now and then we read of such occurrences as this with a shudder. The people of Bolivar have had an opportunity to study such a case at short range this week.

For a number of years there had been rumors that all was not as it should be in the home of John I. Whiting. He was regarded as eccentric, harmless, and it was realized that physical infirmaties handicapped him in the race of life. His open profession of religion was believed to be sincere and he was given credit for being a man, possibly slightly unbalanced but doing the best he could to rear his family under difficulties and people were inclined to sympathize with him rather than criticize.

But it now appears that in his case sympathy was worse than wasted. He was a degenerate of the lowest type, the only extenuating circumstances being that he used opiates and at times may not have been fully aware of the awful crimes he was committing.

To Prevent Damage from Moths.

"As a preventive of moths in cases containing clothing, there is nothing like making the cases in which they are packed so tight that the moth can not enter to lay her eggs, from which eggs the larvae come. I prefer naphthaline balls to camphor, but if the garments are wrapped in newspaper and put into a protected case and this sealed with strips of paper pasted over the cracks at every possible point of entry, to keep out the moths, there will be no danger of the moths developing. Camphor or naphthaline balls can be used in the packages also, but these alone will not prevent the occurrence of the moths, nor destroy the moth larvae after they have entered. The chief point in protecting fabrics from destruction by moths is to keep them in a vessel where the little-winged moth can not enter to lay its eggs. An aid to this is the use of some substance like the balls above mentioned, which act as a repellant. After the clothing is attacked destroy the pests at once by fumigating with bisulfid of carbon".

The State Zoologist of Pennsylvania recommends one pound of this liquid to each 100 cubic feet of space, either sprinkled on cloth or poured into shallow vessels placed on it.

Important to Stock Owners.

The second annual meeting of the McKean County Improved Live Stock Breeder's Association will be held in the Court House at Smethport on Friday, May 14th.

The speakers on the occasion will be Prof. H. E. Van Norman of State College, and Mr. E. S. Buyard, editor of the National Stockman and Farmer, of Pittsburg, Pa. Both gentlemen are fully equipped to treat the subject from an intelligent standpoint.

Let all who are interested in the improvement of live stock attend. The first meeting will be at 1:30 p. m. If the attendance is satisfactory, there will probably be an evening meeting. If Court is in session on that day, meetings will be held in the Hose House.

Changes in P. S. & N. R. R. Passenger Schedule.

Commencing Monday, May 3rd, P., S. & N. R. R. train No. 12 will leave Smethport 8:38 a. m., arriving Olean 9:43, making connections at Larabee with P. R. R. No. 59, arriving Buffalo 12:20 p. m. A second train, No. 2, leaving Brookville 8:23 a. m. will leave Smethport 1:48 p. m., arriving Olean 3:00 p. m., making connections at Larabee with P. R. R. local train No. 48, arriving Buffalo 5:45 p. m., or, if preferred, passengers can leave Smethport 1:48 p. m., arrive Olean 3:00 p. m. and then travel to Buffalo on P. R. R. "Flyer," leaving Olean 5:57 p. m., arriving Buffalo 7:45 p. m. Train No. 2 also connects at Prosser with P., S. & N. train for Hornell, Wayland and intermediate points.

Coming south trains will leave Olean 10:35 a. m. and 4:40 p. m., arriving Smethport 11:55 a. m. and 5:55 p. m. The train out of Olean at 10:35 a. m. will arrive St. Marys 2:00 p. m., leaving at 2:50, arriving Brookville 5:36 and Ramsaytown at 5:55 p. m. This train also connects at Larabee with P. R. R. train No. 54, leaving Buffalo at 9:00 a. m.

For further information call on or address any P., S. & N. R. R. agent.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills, small, gentle and sure. Sold by H. O. Wells, Smethport and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Love, Tomatoes and Finance.

By ESTELLE CLAYTON.

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The big man of the town of Strongsville was Jacob Strong. First, his grandfather had founded the town; second, he had been a justice of the peace for some years; third, he had received almost votes enough once to send him to the legislature, and, lastly, he was worth about $30,000.

Mr. Strong felt his bigness and exacted respect accordingly. He did his best to make his son Horace and his daughter Maude feel their superiority over all other human beings in and around Strongsville. He succeeded admirably with the daughter, but the conduct of his son gave him no little anxiety.

One morning he said to the latter: "Horace, I am pained and humiliated to learn that for months past you have been paying attention to the daughter of Scribner, the carpenter. You have been riding with her, and you have frequently called at the house. What does it mean?"

"Miss Scribner is a nice young woman, sir," was the reply. "She is as well educated as our Maude and has as good manners."

"Tut, tut, sir!" Make no such comparisons. If you forget who and what I am, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Being the son of a man of position and wealth, with more wealth and social prestige coming, you must look higher, sir, far higher."

It was true that Miss Nettie Scribner was the daughter of a carpenter, but as the favorite of her Aunt Hilda Bascomb, a rich old spinster, the girl had been "set to" seminary and enjoyed exceptional opportunities. In all but wealth she was the peer of the girl in the county.

As a matter of fact the couple were engaged, but keeping it a secret. Horace had hopes that when the time came to announce the fact to his father it would be received at least in a reasonable way, but the conversation of the morning showed him the breakers ahead.

What Mr. Strong meant when he referred to more wealth and social prestige coming to Horace was the fact that he had organized the Strongsville Cannery company. The new building was already under way, and it was a foregone conclusion to all but the town fool that with good backing for such a fruits and vegetables as he intended and catered to the idea of a tomato cannery.

He had investigated well, he was certain that the crops would be large. He put in almost all the money and controlled things, and what few other stockholders there were did not belong to Strongsville.

As president of a tomato cannery Jacob Strong felt himself to be a tangible object. He was right there and all there in his pomposity. He didn't propose to have any of his neighbors feel that as stockholders they need not have too much awe of him.

Of course the magnate's son informed the carpenter's daughter of the situation of affairs. Young Horace was determined to disobey his father at any cost; but, fortunately, Aunt Hilda arrived on her annual visit. She didn't exactly believe that all people were equal, but she bowed to none. If a carpenter and a blacksmith were honest and respectable men they were just as good in her eyes as magnates. The Scribners attempted to keep the secret from her, but she hadn't been in the house a day when she turned on her sister and said:

"Mary, there's something going on here, and I want to know all about it. I find Nettie looking piqued and sorrowful, and she hasn't eaten enough at three meals to keep a bird alive. No use trying to keep it from me. What's the matter?"

She was told, and when she had the particulars she set her jaw and nodded her head, which showed that she had made up her mind. Just what it was she didn't say that evening, nor did she tell it next morning when she put on her rusty old bonnet and sallied out. She said merely that she had a business matter to attend to.

Mr. Magnate Strong had a business office in the town, of course. Aunt Hilda made a straight course for it and plunged herself down in a chair in front of the great man to say:

"Jacob Strong, my niece and your boy were attracted toward each other, and they have fallen in love and are engaged. I understand that you oppose the contemplated marriage."

"With all my soul, and if you are here to say anything in favor of it you may as well save your breath. I wonder that you had the impudence to appear at all."

"And what are your objections?" quietly asked Aunt Hilda as she got a strong hold of her temper.

"You have no right to ask!" he shouted at her. "But I will tell you at least one objection. No son of mine can mate with the daughter of a common carpenter."

"No? Jacob Strong, how long did your father get a skimpy living off a sickly poor thirty acres of ground in Michigan and what did he amount to as a man? How far back is it since you were running an old sawmill on Ten Mile creek in the same state? Mr Scribner is a carpenter, but his pedigree is as good as yours."

"If you were a man I'd throw you out of the office!" shouted Jacob Strong.

"But, being I'm a woman, I'll walk out as fast as I can. I just called to let you know, Jacob, that I have arrived in town. Please keep a little track of me for the next two weeks, will you?"

The aunt reached home smiling and chuckling. She laid a hand on Nettie's head and said soothingly:

"I talked up to old Strong today. It was right that I should. But I haven't spoiled anything. Give me two weeks and I'll have him here begging you to marry his son. You tell the young man to remain quiet and do nothing rash. Hilda Bascomb is managing this affair, which will be one of finance from now on, and if she makes a failure it will be for the first time. Now I've got to go back downtown and see a lawyer, and then I'll have some riding around the country to do. Oh, he won't I make old Strong jump before I am through with him!"

In planning for the cannery Mr. Strong had called upon most of the farmers and had informed them pompously that thereafter he would buy their tomatoes at the market price. He had made no definite agreement with them, however, for he had determined to pay a mighty low price when the time came.

Miss Hilda Bascomb saw lawyers and had contracts drawn up. With a boy to drive her, she covered most of the county the week after the interview with the magnate. Contracts were signed right and left, and something was added for secrecy among the signers.

Meanwhile the tomato cannery was hurried along, and the fixtures arrived to be put in place. In her walks about the town the spinster met Mr Strong several times face to face. Every time he scowled and she chuckled. There was anxiety at the Scribners' to learn what was afoot, but the only explanation they could get was:

"I am simply doing a little financiering to help Cupid and the tomato market along. When it's time to explode the torpedo you'll all hear the racket."

She had been in Strongsville almost a month when the racket was heard. The cannery was ready for business, and the farmers had been notified to begin delivery on a certain date. The date came, but there were no tomatoes.

A messenger was dispatched with a horse and buggy. He had been back about half an hour when Miss Bascomb entered Mr. Strong's office for the second time and plumped herself down in the same chair.

Mr. Strong was at the telephone. He was using vigorous language and dancing around.

"Well, and how's the tomato market?" asked the caller as he glared at her and rung off.

"It is you—you who have done this thing," he exclaimed, "to ruin me yourself—you, you!"

"Yes, I have cornered every tomato in the county. It wasn't for revenge, but to give Cupid a chance. How much will you take for your factory, cash down? It hasn't any pedigree to speak of, but I think Mr. Scribner, the carpenter, can give it one."

"I won't sell to you! Your tomatoes can rot on your hands!"

"Oh, no, they won't, Jacob!" chuckled Miss Hilda. "I can sell them at a very nice profit. But your factory can stand idle while I build one of my own! Better talk business, Jacob Strong. That son of yours is a nice young man, and I think a heap of my niece. It's a love match and it would be a pity to see it broken off. Isn't there some way that I can turn these tomato contracts over to you and let your factory begin work? There's money in the canning business, and I don't want to kill an industry."

Mr. Strong fought for an hour and then gave in and shook hands. By the time the contracts were assigned to him he was smiling. By the time the woman in the rusty old bonnet was ready to go he was ready to remark blandly:

"Just so, Miss Bascomb; just so. Mr. and Mrs. Scribner are most worthy people, and if Horace is in love with their daughter I have no objections to a marriage. He is old enough to judge for himself, and it is not for me to interfere. Good day, ma'am, good day, and thank you ever so much for calling."

Unpoised Lives.

The life of the criminal is simply an unpoised life. If a person were perfectly poised wrongdoing would be so repugnant that it would be unthinkable.

It is the one-sided, the unpoised mind that goes wrong. It is just as normal for the balanced mind to choose the right, the good, as for the magnet to draw to itself whatever is kindred.

Just as the needle in the mariner's compass always points to the North star, no matter how thick the fog or how the tempest rages, there is a needle within every human being which always points to the North star of rectitude, of right, of truth, no matter what storms of discord, of weakness or of crime may be raging in the individual mind. Nothing can prevent this little indicator from pointing to the right no matter how far the individual may drift from it, how low he may sink in vicious living.—Success Magazine.

A New Part of Pork.

The teacher had been reading to her class of the industries of Russia. Among others mentioned was pig raising. The pig is used almost exclusively as an article of food, very little of his body being valued except his flesh and his bristles.

"The Russians have much to learn from the Americans in this respect," she continued. "In America all parts of the pig are used except his squeal."

At this point a pupil raised her hand and asked in all innocence:

"What part of the animal is the squeal?"—Lippincott's.

Taken Unawares.

Sir William Grantham was engaged as a political speaker in the days before he took his place on the bench and when he was plain Mr. Grantham. On one occasion, while he was delivering an address, a man got up in the audience and shouted out excitedly, "It's a lie!" The future judge flared the excited one again. "You're a gentleman," said Mr. Grantham sarcastically. "It's a lie!" burst out the opposite again, carried away by wrath, but the general laughter at his answer recalled to him himself again, and he sat down abashed.—London M. A. P.

To the Point.

A little boy hurriedly entered a drug store and asked the clerk for a bottle of liniment and a bottle of china cement.

"Why," said the clerk, "that's a funny combination. What do you want with those things?"

"Ma hit dad with a teacup and broke it," exclaimed the boy.

Knocking Hubby.

"My husband thinks he is very economical," said the blue eyed woman. "He saves everything. One drawer of his desk is devoted to time tables, and he has some that are three years old."—Exchange.

OCEAN TRAVEL.

Luxury That Greets the Passengers on an Atlantic Liner.

The luxury of ocean travel has reached such a state of perfection that land bred and timid passengers may almost delude themselves into thinking that they are still on shore when they are in the middle of the ocean.

When the luncheon bugle sounds you go in to tidy your hair. The sun is shining in through your window or at least one of the windows, for there are two in your drawing room, one in the bathroom and one in the bedroom beyond. Your drawing room—which might be in the Winter palace, Nice, for all the resemblance it bears to a ship's cabin—is furnished in old gold and white. A soft carpet of old gold, a sofa piled luxuriously with cushions, several chairs, a table, a wonderfully equipped desk, on which rests a drop light, are at your disposal. You stop a moment to admire the panels and etchings and the hangings, which are embroidered with drooping wisteria in faint green. An electric grate fire, with a genuine mantel, lends an air of spaciousness to the room. You notice that your gowns have been hung in one closet and your blouses in another and that shoes, slippers, umbrella, etc., have been carefully stowed away in places provided for them.

The third day out, if the weather is fine, is the social height of the trip. The ship's types are by this time all fully developed. The bridge fiends have become known to each other, and they never leave their game except for meals. There is the usual contingent that each morning comes around to tell you how early they were on deck. You have stood at the prow and watched the schools of dolphins jumping straight for the ship, you have rushed excitedly to the rail to watch a passing steamer with which your vessel exchanges salutes by running up innumerable little flags, and you have marveled at the kind birds that always follow the ship across, and perhaps you ask the steward to set out some fresh water and a plate of crumbs for them.

If you enjoy spontaneous vaudeville the boys in the ship's gymnasium will be your regular rendezvous every morning, and aside from the fun which you will have in watching the others perform unaccustomed stunts on the frisky camel the spirited horse or with the vibrators you will receive direct benefit from the exercises, which are the best thing to be recommended for the maintenance of sea legs.—Harper's Quinsy to Leslie's Weekly.

The Tailor's Patron Saint.

The tailor's saint is St. John the Baptist, but why we do not know, for, as far as sacred writ informs us, his clothing was of camel's hair and a leather girdle about his loins.—Fairplay and Cutter.

Cheering Her Up.

"I hear you are going to marry Charley."

"Yes! he asked me last evening."

"Let me congratulate you. Charley is all right. He is one of the nicest fellows I was ever engaged to."

The Easier Way.

"I was very angry just now when Blosser refused me for $5 that I owed him."

"But why did you get angry?"

"I found it much easier to get angry than to pay."—London Tit-Bits.

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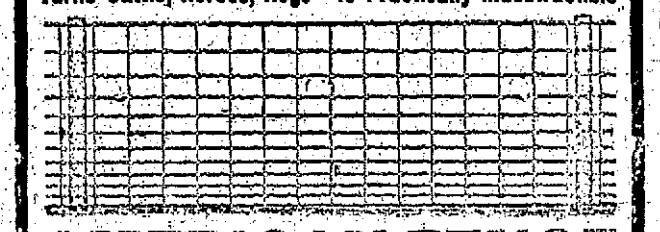

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, May 13, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Johnsonburg will celebrate the Fourth of July.

—The recent rains have brought vegitation along at a rapid rate.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Agustus Engstrom on Monday, May 5, 1909, a girl.

—Baroness Von Hutton, a former Erie girl, who is just now in the European limelight, explains her marital difficulties by saying she has a "soul of flame."

—Mrs. Helen Widert, aged 76 years, died at her home in Rasselas, on Monday of last week. She was the mother of John Widert who had extensive lumbering contracts on Potato Creek about 20 years ago.

—The Ira H. Smith general store and residence property at West Almond, N. Y., was sold to Joseph Gorton of Leetonia, Pa., and V. K. Boyer of Perry, N. Y., sold his house and lot in Bolivar through the Herrick Agency to Milton Jordan of Bolivar.

—Mr. Frank Murphy of New Castle, Pa., and Miss Mary Hillard of Hazelhurst, were united in marriage at St. Edmund's Catholic church, Hazelhurst, at 6:30 a. m., Wednesday, May 5th. Rev. P. J. Blake, pastor of St. Edmund's officiating.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—To frighten his fiance, Miss Rose Lafferty, because he thought she was flirting, Frank Flynn pretended to drink carbolic acid at her home in Brooklyn Saturday. As he staggered back the girl snatched the bottle and drained its contents. The girl is dying. Flynn was arrested. It is feared he will lose his reason if the girl dies.

—The mail and passenger situation is still mixed up here. Monday night there was a mail pouch put off here and was delivered at the postoffice next morning with the regular pouch from the morning flyer and several other bags of mail, in all, a hundred forty pounds. The office had this in shape by the time the regular opening hour came about. Much agitation is kept up on account of the discontinuance of the regular mail train that formerly arrived at this station from the north at seven o'clock in the evening, and the community is not yet ready to accept the situation.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—The Elkhed Eagle of last Friday says there are no cases of smallpox in that place, the nearest case being a mile and a half below town.

—Last Thursday evening Mrs. Elwood, who resides on East King street fell and broke one of her legs. She was working on the back porch of her home and a board broke letting her foot through and throwing her with the above result. Dr. Hamilton was called and reduced the fracture and the unfortunate woman is getting along nicely.

—Steve Page died Saturday in a hospital at Washington, Pa., from injuries received when a magazine containing 40 quarts of nitro-glycerine and 150 pounds of dynamite, blew up. Page and Tony Merrett, both Italians, not knowing what was in it, pinned a target on the magazine and began shooting at it with their revolvers. Merrett was not hurt. Houses a mile and a half away were shaken by the explosion.

—On Monday, May 17, the first naturalization court to be held in this county under the new law will open at the court house. There are seventy applications for naturalization papers that will be heard at this session. Hon. J. W. Bouton will preside and an Assistant United States District Attorney will be present to question the applicants as to their fitness to become citizens. It is expected that the naturalization will occupy the greater part of the week.

—An Italian with an unpronounceable name was brought to the Kane Summit hospital last night, suffering from a deep slash made by a knife across the throat which extended to the back of the ear, and which severed a portion of the ear. He got into an altercation over the scaling of wood, and two of his countrymen attacked him, one holding him while the other did the slashing, which occured at one of Jamies Bros. camps near Jo Jo. The man who wielded the knife was caught but the other escaped.—Friday's Kane Republican.

—Why is it that so many girls of 18 to 20 take pride in declaring that they don't know how to cook? The reason is probably that they want to impress people with the fact that they have never had to do the drudgery of the kitchen. But the average American girl will see the time when she must either do the kitchen work or at least superintend it, and it is most necessary that she be taught how to cook while young. For a girl to declare that she can't cook sounds to a sensible person almost as serious an admission as if she could declare that she could neither read or write.—Kane Republican.

A Bad Man.

Herman Whitaker wrote a story of the Tehuantepec rubber plantation Gundaloupe; the mandador on the plantation at which Mr. Whitaker stayed, was informed that he was to be one of the chapeters in his story. "He never failed to question me each day as to the things I had made him do in the story," said Mr. Whitaker. "When one morning I informed him that I had killed him off, he expressed great surprise.

"'Porque, senor, porque?'

"'Because you are a bad man, Guadaloupe.' Which was perfectly true.

"'I, senor?' he questioned, greatly surprised.

"'Si, Guadaloupe, you are bad. Think of how many men you have killed, according to your own count.'

"He thought for awhile, then looked up with a humorous smile. 'Oh, well. Did I put up a good fight?'

"'You bet you did, Guadaloupe.'

"Whereupon eyebrows and shoulders went up in a shrug. 'Bueno! Bueno Then it ees all right.'"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Colleges of Oxford.

Each college is built round a quadrangle with a large entrance gateway which often rises into a quaint tower. The rooms immediately over the gateway are invariably designed for the residence of the warden, provost or principal of the college, so that the eye of the master may be over all who enter or leave the place. This mode of building still exists in India, having been introduced into Europe by the Moors when they conquered Spain where we find that the compound, or quad, is still used for the tethering of all kinds of animals. Around the quad are arranged the chapel, library, hall or refectory, president's lodgings, buttery and kitchen. The students' room generally occupy the upper floors. William of Wickham, the celebrated architect, wisely placed his tallest buildings—the chapel and hall—on the north side to keep off the cold winds, the lower buildings on the south more freely admitting sunshine.

Rainbow Upside Down.

Not very many persons have ever seen an inverted rainbow, although the phenomenon sometimes appears. At the Italian geodynamic observatory of Rocca di Papa not long ago the director and a party of visitors were fortunate enough to see one. The morning was showery, and as the party looked down from an elevation of 2,500 feet they saw in the Campagna a perfect rainbow with its convex side up, the middle point soaring to the northeast. From the Eiffel tower in Paris one has also been seen. In this case the rainbow being double and extending above and below the horizon to form two concentric circles nearly complete. Generally the inverted rainbow is to be seen only in the mountains and then very rarely. The phenomenon, of course, is due solely to the position of the observer, which must be above the refracting agent instead of below.—Pathfinder.

An Old Ash Wednesday Custom.

At one time it was on Ash Wednesday the custom to appoint an official of the English palaces to crow the hours of the day, like a cock, as a reminder of the denial of St. Peter. This practice excited the furious indignation of George II. His ignorance of English made it very difficult for the courtiers to explain that the royal cock crower was not making fun of him. The cock crower was a salaried officer at the English court as late as 1823.

A Boy's Idea of Reasons.

Not long ago a class of boys in an elementary school had an essay set, the subject being "Clergymen."

This is what one youngster wrote:

"There are 3 kinds of clergymen, Bishops, recters and curats. the bishups tells the recters to work, and the curats have to do it. A curat is a thin married man, but when he is a recter he gets fuller and can preach longer sermons and becums a good man."—London Scraps.

A Dreadful Analogy.

The hypothetical question had just been asked, and the prisoner fell forward in a faint. All was confusion in the courtroom.

"What is the matter with the prisoner?" demanded the judge, hammering his desk madly.

"Nothing, your honor," groaned the unhappy man as he came to. "I was only thinking how long I should have to serve if my sentence was as long as that."—Harper's Weekly.

No Price Limit For Brains.

If a young man develops a first class business ability he needn't bother about a fortune. His professional talents will find employment at rates which will make the possession of a fortune superfluous.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Cause.

Irving Washington (wiping his lips)—That was really the sweetest kiss I have ever had! Louise Barkis—I thought you would think so, Irving. My face powder gave out, and I used confectioner's sugar.—Judge.

Very Gently.

"How do you tell bad eggs?" queried the young housewife.

"I never told any," replied the fresh grocery clerk, "but if I had anything to tell a bad egg I'd break it gently."—Christian Guardian.

The Very Highest.

"What is the highest form of animal life?" was a question set for the pupils in a school some time ago, and one little girl was heard to reply, "The giraffe."

Children especially like Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup, as it tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. It not only heals irritation and allays inflammation, thereby stopping the cough, but it also moves the bowels gently and in that way drives the cold from the system. It contains no opiates. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and E. H. Reed, Clermont.

She Followed Instructions.

In a certain city, which shall be nameless, a literary man had asked his wife as she was starting downtown to buy a couple of shirts for him. She asked him what kind, and he answered, "Size 15."

"Yes, but"—

"Two dollars."

"But I want to know"—

"Oh, the color?—Well, I've plenty of white shirts. Get me something that won't show soot. Now, don't bother me any more, please. I'm at work."

She did not bother him any more. She went away and in the afternoon returned with her purchases.

"Here are your shirts, John," she said, laying them down before him.

"Why, they are coal black, Lucinda!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, that's the only kind that won't show soot. They are just what you told me to buy. Now, don't bother me by talking about them. I have got to go and look after the children."

Being "game," John took his medicine without protest.—Youth's Companion.

A Just Rebuke.

"I am," he said, "deformed. Pads hide it. Still, deformed I am, and I want to know why writers always make deformed persons villains? Take Quasimodo in Victor Hugo's 'Notre Dame.' Why, Quasimodo was little better than a wild gorilla, swinging from the great bell and hurling the priest down from the high tower. Take the housemaid's clubfoot father in Ibsen's 'Ghosts.' There was a nasty old man for you—a nasty, perverse, evil-minded old rooster, eh? Take Dick Crookback in the immortal William's play. Take Nosey the Dwarf in Hauff's classic fairy tale. Take the villains in all fairy tales, for that matter. They are a one eyed, lame, hunchbacked, clubfooted lot.

"It makes us deformed folks red hot, this literary imputation of villainy. It causes people to think we really are villains. Where's the child, after a course of fairy tales, that can be persuaded a hunchback's soul doesn't match his body?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Danger In Eye Poultices.

Do not poultice an eye in any circumstances whatever. Binding a wet application over an eye for several hours must damage that eye, the assertions of those professing to have personal experience in this to the contrary notwithstanding. The failure to aggravate an existing trouble by binding a moist application over an inflamed eye, which application is supposed to remain for an entire night, can only be explained by the supposition that a guardian angel has watched over that unfortunate case and has displaced the poultice before it had got in its fine work. All conflicts condemn the poultice absolutely, in every shape and in every form. Tea leaves, bread and milk, raw oysters, scraped beef, scraped fatty turnip or raw potato and the medley of other similar remedies popularly recommended are one and all capable of producing irremediable damage to the integrity of the tissues of the visual organ.—Family Doctor.

Eccentric Count Bertrand.

Count Bertrand, who lived in Paris, was a very eccentric man, and to one of his eccentricities he ascribed his long life. Once a year he would betake himself to bed and stay there for three months. On these occasions he would see no one but his servant, who brought him his meals, and even him he forbade to speak. Just before the Germans began the siege of Paris the count went to bed, and the servant, true to his injunctions, said nothing of the events going on around him. One day the bread proved so bad the count demanded an explanation, whereby, of course, he learned that Paris was encompassed by the enemy. Springing out of bed, the count paced the floor, repeating, "What should a Bertrand do under such circumstances?" Suddenly he stopped, exclaiming, "We should go to bed!" and to bed he went, and stayed there until the siege was over.

Willie Objects.

Among the representatives in congress is one whose lack of personal comeliness is the basis of personal banter from his facetiously inclined colleagues.

"Why, Willie," said one of them to the four-year-old son of the congressman, "how much you resemble your father!"

"Yes, sir," responded Willie, with an air of resignation. "Everybody says that, but I don't think I deserve it."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Getting a Start.

"Did you secure tickets for the play, hubby?" inquired the New York wife. "I hear they are in demand."

"They are, but I managed to get seats for two months from tonight. And, by the way"—

"Well?"

"You might begin to get ready now."—Kansas City Journal.

The Annual Rooter.

"Do you know the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?"

"Yes, indeed," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "All I have to do to see the difference is to observe Charley at the beginning and at the end of a baseball season."—Washington Star.

The Unhonored Prophet.

A visitor to Carlyle's birthplace back in the seventies said to a native:

"Smart man, that Thomas Carlyle."

The native grunted.

"Him smart? Why, I went to skule wi' him."

The soul is the perceiver and revealer of truth.—Emerson.

Russian Schools.

Our secondary schools are bad, the primary schools are not better, but it is in the superior school that we must look for the heart of putrefaction. It is the superior school which sets the bad example, which depraves youth, habituating it to idleness and inculcating revolutionary principles.—Journal de St. Petersburg.

The Joke on the Jockey.

A few years ago a famous jockey was engaged to ride the favorite in an important race. On the way to the post he found himself cantering along side a rank outsider, the mount of a stable boy who had only just commenced riding.

"You'll have to be careful with that brute, B.," he remarked, "I've ridden him before, and you'll never be able to hold him."

B. thanked the crack for the tip and said that he would "do his best."

Halfway through the race the outsider and another were in front, with the favorite close behind. Fancying that the others were in difficulties, the rider of the favorite shouted:

"Pull out, B., and let me through. I've got the race in hand."

The crack was mistaken, however. Looking back, the stable boy replied with a grin:

"I would, but I can't hold him!"

With which the novice let his horse have his head and shot away, the easiest of winners, to the chagrin of the crack, who finished second.

Happiness and Joy.

Happiness, according to the original use of the term, is that which happens or comes to one by a lap—that is, by an outward befalling or favorable condition. It is what money yields or will buy—dress, equipage, fashion, luxuries of the table—or it is settlement in life, independence, love, applause, admiration, honor, glory, or the more conventional and public benefits of rank, political standing, victory, power—all these stir a delight in the soul, which is not of the soul or its quality, but from without; hence they are looked upon as happening to the soul and, in that sense, create happiness. Joy differs from this as being of the soul itself, originating in its quality. And this appears in the original form of the word, which instead of suggesting a happ literally denotes a leap or spring. . . . The motion is outward and not toward, as we conceive it to be in happiness. It is not the bliss of condition, but of character.—Dr. Horace Bushnell.

Concealed Weapons.

Once in a college town the rumor that students were carrying concealed weapons reached the ears of the local police. The chief at once issued stringent orders that the heinous practice should be stopped. One day a group of them passed a policeman, and one of the students in so doing put his hand to his hip pocket. Then, as if recollecting himself in time, he hastily withdrew it and looked shamefully at the policeman.

"What have you in that pocket?" the latter asked sternly.

Instead of answering, the student and all his companions were petrified stricken, starved to ten. After a pause all the students were cornered and ordered to deliver up whatever they had in their hip pockets.

Meekly they obeyed. Each one carried a corncob. The remarks of the policemen cannot possibly be recorded.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Making History.

When Kinglake was writing his history of the Crimean war he received letters from all sorts of people concerned in the war. One day a letter with a deep black border came from two people in the colonies, husband and wife, describing their grief. Their only child had been killed in the Crimea. They wanted to have him mentioned in the "History of the Crimean War." Kinglake was touched and replied by post that he would do his best if they would send him the necessary particulars. Again a letter, also black bordered, full of thanks, but with the following conclusion: "We have no particulars whatever to give you. He was killed on the spot, like many others, but anything you may kindly invent will be welcome. We leave it entirely to your imagination."—London Chronicle.

Our opinion of ourselves, like our shadow, makes us either too big or too little.—Bronte.

Tastes Like More

That's what all our customers say who have eaten cakes made from Thornton & Chester's Best Flour. Don't forget, by the way, our

Good to Eat Groceries

Worth buying, because worth having. Unlike the fairest rose which withers at last, our Groceries are always fresh. Give them a trial.

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

Anderson & Carlson.

Since the fire we have moved into the building vacated by the Union Telephone Co., between Wells' Drug Store and Brennan's Grocery where we will be pleased to see our old customers as well as new ones.

At present our stock is small but we are getting in new goods as fast as possible and we will make every effort to please you.

We are ready to do all kinds of repair work. Give us a call.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries.

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Fine TOBACCO FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa

The McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday May 13, 1909.

EDITOR MINER—Please announce that I am a candidate for Jury Commissioner, subject to the decisions of the Republican party at their primaries, June 12, 1909.

JAMES H. STULL.
East Smethport, Pa., March 30, 1909.

THE American flag has been hauled down in Cuba. And never was it lowered with more credit to itself or in a better cause. It is going away as a friend from a new nation over which it might have still waved as a conquered province.

UP to the present time the sum of $7,500,000 has been found in the treasury boxes of the imperial palace at Yildiz, Turkey, occupied before his deposition by Abdul Hamid. Two and a half million dollars of this is in cash while $5,000,000 is in marketable securities equivalent to cash. Furthermore, papers were found indicating that Abdul Hamid had on deposit in Germany, England, France and the United States upwards of $15,000,000. It is understood that the cabinet takes the attitude that all these foreign deposits, as well as the treasure at Yildiz are the property of the state.

WITH bank clearings outside New York 16.9 per cent. better than last year and 21.5 per cent. better than in 1906, and in New York 24.1 per cent. larger than in 1908 and 1.8 per cent. larger than in 1906; with railroad earnings for the month of April showing a gain of 13.8 over 1908, and only 10.7 per cent. decrease as compared with the banner year of 1907; with immigration 212,000 larger than last year; with imports much greater than in 1908 and nearly equal to 1907; with a distinct gain in the iron and steel trade in both orders and prices; with a hardening tendency in copper; with works of new construction going rapidly forward, the trade situation seems to afford ample grounds for the prevailing belief that as soon as tariff revision is out of the way, the last obstacle to a full restoration of normal industrial and mercantile activity will be removed. While the tariff discussion that is being prolonged in the Senate is not preventing an improvement in iron and steel, which though slow, is nevertheless progressive, it still bears rather heavily upon the dry goods market. Not only does business wait anxiously for the end of that discussion, but it also waits for the advent of warm weather. The continuing strength of hides is one of the features of the trade reports. The transactions in wheat proved of renewed significance this week and prices advanced to new high records. While the amount of liabilities of failures during April was large, the exhibit for the month was really better than appeared on the surface. The unfavorable feature of the report lies chiefly in the new outbreak of financial defaults. The total foreign commerce of the port of New York for the latest week was $28,110,564 as compared with $27,115,203 in 1908 and $39,227,910 in 1907.—Dun's Review.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

There is no doubt that a prompt effort will be made to strengthen the commodities clause of the rate law. On Thursday of this week a bill was introduced by Representative Irving P. Wanger, of Pennsylvania, to correct those defects in the law made clear by the recent decision of the Supreme Court. Mr. Wanger is the ranking member of the Interstate Commerce Committee of the House, and is promptly mentioned as the successor of Representative Hepburn as chairman of the committee. He aided materially in framing the rate law. His bill provides specifically that railroads shall be prohibited from owning stock or securities or interest in any other business enterprise and from transporting any commodities, the property of such company, which are not intended for their own use. Mr. Wanger has little hope of action on his own resolution at the present session, but is believed that President Taft's next message to Congress will be so direct on this point that his bill, or a similar one, will be taken up immediately.

Representative Murphy of Missouri will draw up and present to Congress before the close of the present session, formal charges of impeachment against Judges McPherson and Phillips, of the Western Circuit of Missouri. He announced this intention on Thursday after making a speech on the floor of the House in answer to a dispatch, sent to the Attorney General by Frank Hagerman, attorney for a number of railroads, accusing Mr. Murphy of misrepresenting the judges and the roads. This dispatch was the outcome of a resolution introduced in the House several days ago by Mr. Murphy in which he accused the judges of illegal conduct in relation to the 2-cent passenger law and the maximum freight law recently passed by the Missouri legislature. The Murphy resolution has been referred to the Judiciary Committee and any charges of impeachment will go to that committee, which will not be appointed, however, until the next session of Congress.

The sixteen battleships of the Atlantic fleet will leave the navy yard on June 15, radically changed in outward appearance and will be in condition for action which has not heretofore prevailed in time of peace and when there was no prospect of war. These important changes are mainly the result of experience gained during the circumnavigating cruise of the fleet, which Secretary Meyer says cost the government $1,500,000 above what would have been the cost of maintenance and operation had the ships remained in home waters. Naval strategists took upon this extra expense as a premium paid for the benefit of increased naval efficiency and as representing an investment most useful in improving the hitting power in the naval arm.

The most conspicuous change which the civilian observer will recognize is in the color of the vessels. The hull, small boats, and indeed, all of the exposed portions will be of a shade described as a dull gray, without the lustre to reflect the sun or otherwise add to the conspicuousness of the ship. It is the color decided upon by the experts of least likely to attract attention as possession the greatest degree of invisibility. In carrying out this idea all of the brass fittings, even to the door knobs, have been removed and the bow ornaments and gilt letters of the ships' names have been abandoned.

Another feature which has been tried out successfully on the warships is the method of carrying ammunition. Some of this will be stored in the turret, where it will be conveniently at hand and where it is considered quite as safe to those to handle it as if it was stored in the shell rooms below the turret. The problem of taking care of powder has engaged expert attention, and there is now being adopted a system of cooling the magazines so that there can be maintained a uniformity of temperature as a protection against accidental ignition. Many changes will be made in the superstructure of the ships, and wherever possible the temporary bridges and cabins will be removed. Internally also, many minor changes will be made, such as the removal from the turrets of electrical appliances which endanger life or restrict the operation of the gunners, and it is proposed to install metal instead of wooden furniture, and some attention has been given lately to furniture made of asbestos with the idea that there may be the least possible chance of conflagration on board ship. These are a few of the changes being made on the Atlantic fleet and which will be next on the ships of the Pacific fleet. It means the placing of the battleships of the American navy in a condition for immediate battle, as is held that the navy should be in fighting trim and should really be prepared for war in the manoeuvers conducted in time of peace.

All Next Week.

The Majestic Stock Co., which comes to the Smethport Lyceum for one week's engagement, is one of the best repertoire companies on the road. The plays produced by the Majestic Stock Co. are of the highest order, all plays being bills which have been a success in New York. A wealth of special scenery and electrical effects are carried by the company. Each and every bill is produced in its entirety with all special effects. The cast is said to be the best ever carried by any repertoire company. Several high class vaudeville acts are carried to be presented between the acts, so there is no long waits. As a special feature the Herr Robinson Co. of Royal Illusionists will appear at every performance with their wonderful illusion, The Cremation of a Woman. Tickets will be on sale at Wells' drug store.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending May 8, 1909:

O'Brion, Mrs. Jennie.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Everybody is likely to have kidney and bladder trouble. In fact nearly everybody has some trouble of this kind. That is the reason why you so often have pains in the back and groin, scalding sensation, urinary disorders, etc.—that's your kidneys. The best thing to do is to get some of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills right away. Take them for a few days or a week or so and you will feel all right. In this way, too, you will ward off dangerous and possibly serious ailments. They are perfectly harmless, and are not only antiseptic, but allay pain quickly by their healing properties. Send your name to E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, for a free trial box. They are sold here by H. C. Wells and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

If you expect to get the original Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve, you must be sure that it is DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. It is good for cuts, burns and bruises, and is especially good for piles. Refuse substitutes. Sold by H. C. Wells and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Give the MINER Job Printing Department a trial.

SMETHPORT ODD FELLOWS HALL ASSOCIATION.

Notice of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that on the 4th day of May, A. D. 1909, the Smethport Odd Fellows Hall Association filed in the Court of Common Pleas for McKean County, its petition praying for a decree of dissolution, and that a hearing upon said application for dissolution has been fixed by said Court for the 7th day of June, A. D. 1909, at 3 o'clock p. m., when and where all persons interested may attend and show cause against the granting of the prayer of the said petition, if they so desire.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Solicitor for Petitioners.

Found Big Tusk.

The tusk of a mastodon was found in the banks of the Allegheny river at Claremont, near Pittsburg, Monday of last week. The tusk, which is in a perfect state of preservation, measures nine feet four inches from root to tip and is perfectly curved. Along the diameter of the arc it is five feet, seven and one-half inches, and has a circumference of 28 inches at the thickest part. It weighs 297 pounds, and is the largest tusk that has ever been found, those in the world's museums being considerably shorter and less perfect. The discovery is rather remarkable by reason of the fact that it is the first time that any remains of a mastodon have been found so far southward. It opens up an entirely new field for scientific research and has aroused much interest among naturalists in that section.—Oil City Derrick.

Desirable Home Near Chautauqua On Easy Terms.

We offer for sale at Watt's Flats, N. Y., 4 miles from Chautauqua Lake, and on main line of Erie railroad, the best bargain in the county. One acre land, 20 apple, plum and pear trees, red and black raspberries for family use. Improvements, 8-room house in fine repair, good cellar, bath room and closet, drilled well of fine water, cement walks, barn 26x40, fine, mellow garden, poultry house for 100 hens. This property is 40 rods from Erie station, 30 rods from school and postoffice, 10 rods from church. Now rented for $11 a month. Watt's Flats has 180 population, grist mill, condensory, heading factory, barrel factory, 3 stores, and is a great shipping point. 12 miles from Jamestown. We offer this property for only $1,500; terms $300 cash, balance $100 a year and interest. Has cost owner $2,100; but he lives away and wants to sell. Write or telephone.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

THE LYCEUM

One Solid Week
—Starting—
Monday, May 17

Majestic Stock Co.
In a Repertoire of
Successful Plays
With New, Up-to-Date Vaudeville Between Every Act

A Continuous Show.
No Long Waits.

Opening Play:
"TEXAS SWEETHEARTS."

PEOPLES' POPULAR PRICES:
10, 20 and 30 cents.

SPECIAL

Friday night will be amateur night. All amateurs invited to appear. Cash prizes.

Mrs. May Chadwick, Artist,

Has opened a studio in the Backus Block, opposite Court House, and is prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter.

Give me a call.

Mrs. May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

Cement Walks

I am prepared to build cement or concrete walks in Smethport for

12 1-2c per Square Foot

Pure crushed rock sand and the best of cement used in construction. All material and work guaranteed to be first-class.

A. E. HACKETT, Smethport

Psalm of Life—Continued.

"Art is long and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts tho' stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral Marches to the grave."

Our surgical appliances, rubber goods, and all druggist sundries have been known to save lives innumerable. A new and complete line at

A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition of

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,

SMETHPORT, PA.,

at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909

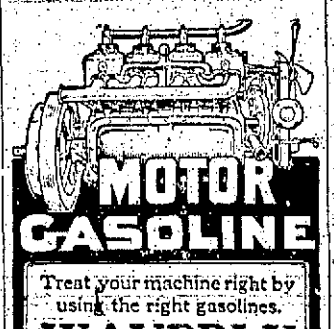
RESOURCES.

Banking House	$ 10,694.77
Bonds	187,418.90
Loans	570,589.87
Cash	23,031.21
Due from Banks	88,514.47
	$888,844.16

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$200,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	31,701.38
Deposits	557,142.78
	$888,844.16

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits. Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.



MOTOR GASOLINE

Treat your machine right by using the right gasolines.

WAVERLY 76 MOTOR—STOVE—

Three special grades. Made from Pennsylvania Crude Oil. Give instantaneous, powerful, sun explosion. Positively will not foul—carbon deposits on spark plugs or cylinders. Ignites readily—never fail. Ask your dealer.

Waverly Oil Works Co.
Independence Building
Pittsburg, Pa.

E-768

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one tha runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smoke and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. Smethport

EDGAR W. STRONG

When you think of

STOVES

think of

STRONG'S

I have the most complete line of Heating Stoves ever seen at one time in the town. All sizes and prices—a dozen kinds to select from. Prices are warranted to be right. Come early and get your pick.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
Smethport, Pa.

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS

Lath and Shingles

General Planing Mill Work

H. C. BEMIS,
Bradford, Penna.

LADIES' OXFORDS

—IN—

Russia Calf
Tan Vici
and
Pat. Colt

—Is the Bill at—

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE

FOR THIS WEEK

...BUY...

Lowney's Confectionery

—AT—

McCoy's Drug Store

BUFFALO AND NIAGARA FALLS

$3.25 Round Trip From NEWTON $3.25

SATURDAY, MAY 29, '09

TICKETS GOOD 3 DAYS.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG RAILWAY

Train leaves Newton 3:12 p. m.

When you buy canned goods you want the best.

Our "Springville Brand" is unsurpassed.

One trial will convince you

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

Marlin

A 6½ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the *Marlin Model 16* Repeating Shotgun, *the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured.*

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the *Marlin Model 16* without a peer.

Equipped, like the famous *Marlin* Model 19, with the *Marlin* solid top, and the *Marlin* closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the *Marlin* side ejection and the beautiful *Marlin* balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. *Have your dealer show it.*

There's a full description of all *Marlin* repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "*Marlin* Hook" just issued, 136 pages with a handsome art cover. It's FREE for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 14, December Term, 1908.

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Maud Riggins did, on the 5th day of Oct. 1908, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the cause, therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Joseph Riggins.

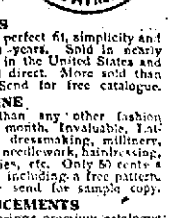
We therefore command you, the said Joseph Riggins, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the first Monday of June, 1909, to answer the petition or libel of Maud Riggins and show cause, if any you have, why the said Maud Riggins, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MONTGOMERY, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 23, 1909.

A. P. Olney, Libellant's Attorney.



McCALL PATTERNS

Celebrated for style, perfect fit, simplicity and reliability nearly 40 years. Sold in nearly every city and town in the United States and Canada, or by mail direct. More sold than any other make. Send for free catalogue.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

More subscribers than any other fashion magazine—million a month. Invaluable. Latest styles, patterns, dressmaking, millinery, plain sewing, fancy needlework, hairdressing, etiquette, good stories, etc. Only 50 cents a year (worth double), including a free pattern. Subscribe today, or send for sample copy.

WONDERFUL INDUCEMENTS

to Agents. Postal brings premium catalogue and new cash prize offers. Address

THE McCALL CO. 238-248 WEST 37th ST., NEW YORK

A Splendid Array of Tempting Values

Suit and Cloak Dept.

Stylish Suits at .....$14.00 Several new Styles at.....$22.50
Others at $25.00, $27.50, $30.00, $35.00

WASH SUITS—Skirts and Jackets, very popular and up to the minute in style and workmanship.

Separate Skirts from.....$3.75 to $15.00
Brown, Blue, Grey, Black. They can't help but please.

See our White Goods Section for the newest things in popular and fancy White.

A goods to meet your requirements in any class of white.

Lace Curtains

Fifty styles in White, Arabian, Red and Green from, pair .....59c to $5.00

Mull and Ruffled Curtains, just in, pair.....79c to $2.00

Hosiery and Underwear.

Complete new line of Underwear and Hosiery.

Gauze Vests.....10, 15, 25 & 50c
Men's Suits.....50c to $1.50
Boys' Shirts and Drawers.....25c
Ladies' Fast Black Hose.....10, 15, 25, 39 and 50c
Most of these also in Wine and Tan
Ladies Silk Hose, $2.00 value at.....$1.00

Shoe Department.

Showing Black and Brown Suede Strap Pumps at.....$3.50
A variety of styles in Black, Brown, Tan and Patent Leathers. "Patrician" make, all now at.....$3.50 and $4.00
Boys' and Children's Oxfords, Black and Tan, solid leather shoes that will wear. Priced from.....$1.00 to $2.25

These are excellent values. Don't miss them.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Daly & Garlick's.

Chi-Namel

Your old furniture and it will look like real Rosewood or Mahogany.

Chi-Namel your bathroom and the water will have no effect upon it.

Take up your old carpets and Chi-Namel the floors and they will look like Oak or Walnut.

Chi-Namel every room and ornament in the house and it will make them as good as new, and a joy forever.

Easily Applied. Quickly Dried.

Manufactured only by
The Ohio Varnish Co.
Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE BY

DALY & GARLICK,

Hamilton Block

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, May 13, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Drilling on No. 1 well on the Bouton & Mitchell lease was started yesterday morning.

—Mrs. W. R. Fulmer has recently purchased the W. C. Daly farm about three miles up Potato creek from Smethport.

—Anderson & Carlson have started clearing away the debris caused by the recent fire. They expect to rebuild in the near future.

—For good, clean, wholesome acting, and good plays we have yet to see the equal of the Majestic Stock Co.—Daily News, Andorfer, N. Y.

—Henry Cook, an old and well known resident of Farmers Valley, was stricken with paralysis on Tuesday, and is reported to be in a very serious condition.

—Sheriff Morrison brought a sample of the "first sand" to Bouton & Mitchell from their well Wednesday afternoon, and he says they are highly pleased with it.

—The Ladies' Aid of St. Elizabeth's church will hold a cooked food sale at their rooms in the basement of the church on Saturday next, beginning at 2 o'clock.

—George Warner has been appointed sexton of Rose Hill cemetery and he is prepared to do all work pertaining to this position. Those who wish to have lots fixed up for Decoration day should see him at once.

—Mrs. Amandus Engstrom fell and sprained her ankle while walking back of her residence last Thursday evening. At present she is improving and is able to be about with the aid of crutches.

—A little scrap on Main street last Saturday night created quite a bit of excitement for a few minutes. Little damage was done and both of the contestants got away before the police arrived.

—Everybody should get busy on their new sidewalks as soon as the new grade on Main street is established. Some of these walks are in a dangerous condition and damage suits are liable to grow out of delay.

—A good attendance is desired at the meeting of the W. C. T. U. Wednesday, May 19, at the regular time in the M. E. chapel. There will be work for Memorial Day. Light refreshments will be served and a social time assured. All are welcome.

—Gordon Miller, aged 22 years, died suddenly yesterday afternoon at his room at the Frank Hotel, Salamanca. He was badly burned by an explosion of gasoline in his room at the hotel Sunday evening. His death was due to shock occasioned thereby.

—Mrs. Carrie Abendroth wishes to thank her many friends and neighbors and the members of the Glass Bottle Blowers Association who showed her so much kindness and rendered her so much assistance during the long illness and death of her husband.

—The excavating for paving between Holmes and Marvin streets is about completed on the west end of Main street and the gang of men and teams will go to work on the square between Hill and Pine streets on the east end to-morrow. There are still hopes that the fall mile may be completed. Work is being rushed as fast as possible at present.

—Mrs. Jonothan Colegrove and Mrs. J. A. Holder are entertaing a number of ladies this afternoon, at the home of the former, in honor of their mother, Mrs. Tabor, who is 77 years old to-day.

—Dr. Jasper G. Keelor died at the New Thompson House, Kane, on Monday last, aged 43 years. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Keelor, one sister, Mrs. F. K. Russell, and three brothers, B. D., T. T. and Chas. Keelor.

—It is the duty of every advocate of good roads to boom the proposition on every opportunity. The only opponents are those who do not fully comprehend the benefits that arise from them and do not realize that they are much the cheapest in the long run.

—America Proctor, an aged resident of Portville, died Saturday. Mr. Proctor, who was eighty-nine years old, had been a resident of Portville for about fifty years. Two daughters survive him, Mrs. W. L. Smith of Rixford, and Mrs. Eugene Ames of Portville.—Eldred Eagle.

—At the Baptist church regular preaching services Sunday, May 16, at 10:40 a. m., and at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Subject for morning "Prosperity," evening, "Doors of the World." You are cordially invited to be present.

—Any of the readers of this paper desiring information in regard to the enemies and diseases of fruit trees, or other plants of the garden and farm, should write at once to Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, Harrisburg, Pa., who takes pleasure in answering questions on such matters.

—Mrs. Anna Field Randall, aged 75 years, died at Kinsua on May 1st. She had been a resident of that locality for 51 years and was highly respected by a large circle of friends. She is survived by three children Calvin M., of Oakland, Cal., James of Hazelhurst and Mrs. Lake Burke of Kinsua.

—One of the young men, who was in attendance at the Coleville cock fight and left town on the morning that Elisha K. Kane swore out warrants for the arrest of several of these sports, says that gentlemen assisted him with his baggage and otherwise helped him to get away before the blow fell.

—Anderson & Carlson have opened their shoe store in the building recently occupied by the Union Telephone Co., and are ready for business in a small way. However they are getting in new stock and will soon have a good line of shoes, for their customers who are invited to give them a call. Read their new advertisement in this issue.

—The borough council should lose no time in making arrangements to keep the pavement clean. The dust and other foreign matter which gathers on the pavement blows about terribly after it is dried by a few hours of hot sun and causes great annoyance to the proprietors of business places as well as to all persons who travel the street on a windy day.

—Judging from present indications this is becoming a scrappy town. It is reported that one of the side streets was the scene of a fast fight Monday night between a rig builder and a Keating township resident. We did not learn who was the victor but according to reports both got in some excellent punches. This is another sign that Smethport is becoming a regular oil town.

—Every spring for several years past it has been reported that the Goodyear Lumber Co. was about to start cutting the timber on their large tract at the head of Potato creek and this year was no exception. But late reports are to the effect that no start has been made to level this beautiful tract of virgin timber and we hope that it will escape the axe for many years to come.

—One of the most startling and mystifying acts on the American stage today is that of Herr Robinson, the Royal Illusionist, now appearing with the Majestic Stock Co., at the Lyceum. Herr Robinson has appeared in all the leading cities of the country and in Europe, and the press has been unanimous in pronouncing his act the most wonderful illusion ever seen. Herr Robinson will produce his illusion, The Cremation of a Woman, at each performance of the Majestic Stock Co.

—Captain Peter C. Hains, Jr., an artillery officer of the United States Army, who has been on trial since April 19, at Flushing, N. Y., for the murder of William E. Annis, was convicted of manslaughter in the first degree on Tuesday. The punishment lies entirely in the hands of Judge Garretson. He can send the army man to State's prison for 20 years or he can suspend sentence and turn him free. Next Monday was decided as the day on which sentence would be pronounced.

—County Commissioner Marsh came over from Smethport this morning for the purpose of taking Albert Hopkins, aged 79, to the county home. Mr. Hopkins has been a resident of Kane a number of years, and has lived alone in West Kane in a small house, but owing to his feebleness he is now unable to take care of himself and has no near relatives, consequently he will probably spend the balance of his life at our county home, where he will receive the best of care, as McKean county prides herself on having one of the best institutions of this kind in the state.—Tuesday's Kane Republican.

—William R. Backus died at his home in Black Hawk, Colo., on Saturday, May 8, 1909. He was 68 years of age and is survived by his wife and six children, most of whom have grown to manhood and womanhood. The deceased was a brother of Frank W. Backus and an uncle of the editor of this paper. When a small boy he made his home for several years with Mary A. Milliken of this borough, and at the age of 14 he went west, soon settling in Black Hawk, where he has since resided. He was a member of the Masonic body, The Gilpin County Pioneers and of the Knights of Phythias. His funeral was held from the family residence on Tuesday under the auspices of Black Hawk Lodge, No. 4, K. of P.

Personal Mention.

W. J. Kerr was a Bradford visitor Sunday.

J. M. Hilton of Bradford was in town Sunday.

T. W. Camp is in Pittsburgh on business this week.

Mrs. Edna Warren is visiting her sister in Mt. Jewett.

Miss Maude Irons is visiting Buffalo friends for a few days.

Dr. J. V. McAlpin made a business trip to Warren Tuesday.

O. S. King of Port Allegany was a visitor in town on Monday.

B. F. Starsky was a Buffalo visitor from Saturday until Monday.

Miss Hullings of Bradford is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. V. McAlpin.

W. J. Milliken of Bradford was a business visitor in town on Monday.

Mrs. J. B. Kelley of Newark was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

A. J. Axburg of Clermont was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday.

Misses Alice and Lotha Stull passed Sunday with friends in Farmers Valley.

Mesdames T. W. Camp and John Walker were Bradford visitors on Tuesday.

Mrs. A. J. Garlick of Syracuse, N. Y., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. S. F. Redfield.

O. D. Gallup of Colegrove was in town Saturday on business and made this office a pleasant call.

W. L. Hammar, S. F. Redfield and J. L. Morrison went to Buffalo on Tuesday. They came home Wednesday in the new Hammar car driven by Fenton Whalen.

Mrs. Mary Busett and Merril Busett were among those who attended the reception and ball at the opening of the Knights of Columbus new club house at Olean Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Mayo, G. B. Mayo, F. D. Gallup and Dr. H. L. McCoy attended the banquet given in Bradford Tuesday evening by the McKean County Medical Society, who had for their guests the members of the McKean County Bar Association and their wives. Guy Mayo responded to the toast, "Our Women."

Advertise in Home Paper.

From a long editorial in the Eldred Eagle we clip the following which is true in every respect and should be a valuable hint to at least part of the merchants and business men of a town:

The old idea of advertising to help support the local paper is a thing of the past. The encroachment of mail order houses into the field of the remotest retail business has brought about the absolute necessity of rural merchants advertising to help their own business. The sooner the country merchants realize this and give some attention to holding up attractions to keep the trade at home, the sooner they will be able to beat the mail order houses at their own game. Local merchants cannot afford to get out a big catalogue for it would not pay them to do so, but every merchant in a location covered by a newspaper, has a stronger lever to work than the big houses with their catalogues if they would use it right. Buying goods from printed descriptions is not very satisfactory and it is safe to say that hundreds of dollars every year could be kept right here at home if the local merchants would make their advertisements in this paper as attractive as the mail houses do in their catalogues. You merchants can "take on" about people sending away after stuff but it will do no good if you will not make any effort to keep their trade at home.

Subscribe for the MINER.

WM. MONHEIMER.

If You Could

pick up a $1.00 or $2.00 bill and fairly keep it

Would You?

Buying here a swell Boys' SUIT at $3 and $3.50.

You Can

save, and you do save, from $1.00 to $2.00. 'Tis like finding money!

This deserves at least investigation.

MONHEIMER'S

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

150 PICTURES at 10c EACH

The price is small, within the reach of every purse.

The pictures beautiful enough for any home.

They are framed in imitation wood and make a very attractive decoration.

Subjects are Landscapes, Marines, etc., in beautiful color effects. Size 9x17. Take a look at them in the window then get your share.

FANCY WAISTS REDUCED

We offer a lot of Net and Silk Waists this week at half price to finish up odd lots.

Sleeves are short—three-quarter and long. Colors Black, Ecru, Navy, Cardinal and White.

PRICES $1.88 to $3.88.

FRY & COMES

Smethport, - - Penna.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THORNTON & CHESTER

Searchlight, Acme, White Lilly,

Pie and Cake Flour.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

EASTER NOVELTIES

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

SMETHPORT, - PENNA.

EXPERT AUTOMOBILE REPAIRING & BUILDING

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

AUTO ACCESSORIES

W. A. Grinard, Olean, N. Y.

257 North Union Street.

Long Distance Phone 293 Bell.

Now is the Time to Get Your Automobile Tires and Rubber Goods Repaired

RETREADING, RECOVERING, REBUILDING AND REPAIRING done promptly and in a first-class manner.

Try a set of our inner cases, either puncture proof or plain, to insert between casing and tube; no possibility of heating; permits of safety using Casings until worn through.

OLEAN RUBBER CO., 257 North Union St., Olean, N. Y.

All Work Guaranteed

Chas. S. Mooney, Pres. & Gen'l. Mgr. W. A. Grinard, Sec'y & Treas.

Unto the Hills.

By OLIVE HARPER.

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"IT is useless to say any more on the subject, Ezra. My decision is taken."

"Very well," replied Ezra, with a sigh, as he looked down at his wife, who stood before him, with defiance in every line of her pretty face. Her shoulders were thrown back and her right foot advanced, while her hands were clinched as if for a combat.

This ready acceptance of her expressed determination annoyed her. She had expected opposition and was prepared for fighting it from every standpoint. Her arguments had been carefully prepared to defeat anything he might say. And here he had accepted her decision without a word. He asked no concession, made no appeal. It was exasperating.

Ezra Robins was six feet tall and big in proportion. Edna was a little mite of a woman, whom he could carry like a child in his strong arms. He loved her with a mighty love and cherished her with an infinite tenderness. He almost worshiped the girlish prettiness of her face with its pink cheeks, pale blue eyes, ashen blond hair and weak chin. All those traits appealed to his large nature as the tender beauty of a little child. Nothing that he could do for her was too hard or irksome.

Ezra had selected next to no education, as his family had moved to California before there were schools and he had been obliged to work from almost his babyhood. His father had died, leaving him the ranch near the summit of the beautiful undulating hill just beyond Piedmont. Here he had brought his young bride.

Every comfort that he could obtain for Edna was purchased, and he was very happy in his protecting love and abounding tenderness. He loved her so entirely that he did not know or feel that her love for him was but a weak and attenuated sentiment of half contemptuous toleration.

For Edna Robins had literary aspirations. She subscribed for the story papers, read Mrs. Braddon, Ouida and The Duchess. She longed to evolve books like those written by her favorite authors and to people them with such unreal characters as lived in those books. She would sit for hours in her darkened room trying to create a plot for a book where all the suffering heroines should live in sumptuous homes, wear diamonds and have dazzling beauty.

While she was dreaming her dreams of unrealities in her room Ezra would wander to a place from which he could look down upon the scene before him—the beautiful San Francisco bay—a panorama surpassed nowhere on earth. He always turned his eyes toward the Golden Gate as the sun was setting to watch the last rays as it sank into the Pacific. After the sunset came the

"I WILL RETURN THIS OUT OF MY PROFITS."

gorgeous glory of the gold fringed purple clouds. The last look was given to the Golden Gate itself, the rugged slopes of the broken hearted mountain that had been torn asunder by some unknown cataclysm of nature to open the gate to the hordes to come.

Alcatraz and Goat island grew dim as the lights of the city across the bay burned out, and when the evening star and perhaps a thin silvery crescent hung down low over the San Francisco hills he would heave a sigh of deep content and return to the ranch with a sweet peace on his face and humble thankfulness for all that he had and had seen filling his heart so that his countenance beamed with the inner light of a great soul.

At such times he was unconsciously a true poet, with grand thoughts struggling for utterance and finding no outlet in words. But the glory and beauty of it all sank deep in his simple heart.

Edna wrote a little namby pamby story of an impossible hero and heroine. This story she sent to the editor of the local paper.

The editor thought that Edna was a fool, but he had received many services from Ezra when in hard luck, and what editor does not have his hours of dismay when every hair stands up straight? So he corrected the grammar and punctuation and gave some attention to the orthography, but with a grim smile refrained from changing the story itself. Then he printed it calling attention editorially to the new star in the literary firmament.

That settled it all. Edna felt that she was a genius—that there was no field for her in that desolate place. Once or twice Ezra tried blunderingly to show her the beauty of her surroundings, where nature has been more lavish of gracious gifts than in any other land, but in all that wonder she saw nothing worthy the attention of the great writer she was.

All she lacked was the atmosphere of a great city. New York was the center. There she wished to go, and alone. She did not wish to harness her genius to such a plain, ignorant companion as Ezra. No, she must be alone and when she had achieved success and realized her ambition she would return—for a visit.

Dreams of honors to be showered upon her by the great ones of earth filled her head. In this lonely place she was lost, entombed with her genius. She did not say talent, but genius.

Ezra had heard all her complaints until he knew them by heart. Dimly he felt that she was throwing away the substance for the shadow, but he had no words to voice his thoughts.

With all the obstinacy of a weak and foolish woman Edna clung to her idea, repeating it always in the same words and in the same monotonous tone with her weak chin uplifted, until now unavailingly, when Ezra had said:

"Very well."

Then she went to her room and began to pack.

Ezra went up to his comforting madrona tree and threw himself down with his gaze fastened upon the Golden Gate and the little fleet of ships that were sailing in. His friends, the stars, came out while the silver moon hung low above the horizon and sank slowly out of sight. He half sobbed:

"Poor little thing! I don't blame her. She is too bright and clever and gifted for me anyway. I never had no chance to learn. If she will be happier—why, I ought to be too. Poor little motherless thing!"

Then two big tears suddenly sprang from his eyes and a heart wrung sob was in his throat as he pictured to himself what the ranch would be without Edna.

When he went in she had finished packing and was sitting before the glass putting her front hair in crimps. It was such soft, pretty hair, Ezra thought. He bent clumsily and took a wisp of it into his broad palm and lifted it softly to his lips. She considered this liberty an impertinence and drew her head away, while Ezra said slowly:

"Edna, I want to say this: All that's here on the ranch, and—and if you ever want me you have only to send me word."

For answer she tossed her head. He continued:

"Today I drawed—all the money I had banked—a thousand dollars. Here it is. If you need more I'll send it when the crops are sold."

"I shall not need any more. And I will return this out of the profits on my 'Little Will o' the Wisp.' I only borrow it."

"Maybe there won't be no profits," hazarded Ezra.

"Oh, I wish you could learn to speak English properly," she replied, angered by his doubt. She had no doubts.

"And," she continued, "I may go to Europe. I have read that 'The Breadwinner' made a hundred thousand dollars for the author. And if such a silly book could do so well mine ought to do much better. Why, all the people in that book are just ordinary folks and don't do anything grand or heroic, and—well, I know mine is much better."

Ezra sighed, but said no more. Edna took the money.

Neither slept much that night.

A week later Edna stood in New York. She began her search for a publisher. She wrote letters to the most prominent publishers, hinting of the great work she was ready to read them, for she determined not to let her precious manuscript out of her hands. She dressed well, arranged her rooms—rooms then—and waited for the publishers to come. She hoped they would not fight each other. No one even replied to her letters. But why, tell in detail the story of her long waiting, her cruel disappointments, the cold refusals—later and worse, the return of her books without comment or regret? She had learned that she must trust to the publishers, after all.

She learned many a hard lesson during the next few years, but with the superlative obstinacy of her nature she persisted in her belief of her own genius. She wrote hopeful letters to her husband and never told of her defeat.

Her money was all gone. She moved to one little attic room and peddled cosmetics for awhile, then addressed circulars, living, or, rather, existing, most miserably. Her garments were shabby, her shoes distressful and her hat disreputable.

At last even the circulars failed her. She was cold and hungry. Without money she had still been hopeful. The day would come when she would ride in her carriage. Did not true genius always suffer? There were six books awaiting a publisher, all written along the same lines.

But on this day she really did lose her courage. There is nothing like cold and hunger to develop despondency. She thought as the rain dripped down icy cold from a leaden sky of the ranch out in California. How sunny it was! How the trees were bending now with their weight of fruit! How the grapevines were covered with great purple bunches, luscious and sweet! How rich the milk was and how rich and yellow the cream and how sweet the butter! She had not tasted butter for a long time now as she thought she was glad to, so to say, "I will arise and go to my father."

Suddenly she began to cry—not a burst of noisy tears, but a hopeless, quiet weeping without even a sob.

In her morning's paper she had read of a new western author who had drawn his inspiration from the very Piedmont hills where her home was. There was an extract, and this seemed to speak to her in her husband's own voice and say the same things of the place that she had heard him say so often. It was a word picture of all that could be seen from that spot of land under the madrona. She could smell the waxy blossoms and see the rich masses of the golden poppies that fairly crowded each other. She could hear the yellow hillnets, see the wild rabbits scuttering in the bushes. She saw the droll little gophers as they put their noses out, saw the broad bay—oh, it was too much! She was seized with a sudden homesickness. She would write to Ezra, and he would send her money. But, could she live until the letter could reach her?

Defeat was written all over her. Ten years had left its impress on her face.

"NOW—THIS MINUTE!" SAID EDNA.

She began a letter to Ezra when there was a strange, heavy step on the rickety stairs which was yet curiously familiar. She stood up, listening. She was very pale. Opening the door in response to the knock, she stood facing her husband.

"Ezra!" she faltered weakly.

"Edna, my dear, I couldn't stand life without you any longer."

She fell into his arms to be strained to his heart while she sobbed:

"Oh, Ezra, I am so unhappy! I am a failure. My books are good for nothing. They are not true. I was writing to you to ask you—to go home."

Then they sat and talked of the dear old ranch and many other things. Edna noticed something new, more alert, deeper and stronger in Ezra's manner and dimly fancied he used much better language than before and chose his words with more discrimination.

She showed him the extract in the paper from the book that had made her so homesick.

"What will you say, Edna, when I tell you that I wrote that book? I was so lonesome after you went that I thought I'd study some to pass the time. I had a teacher up on the ranch four years, and then I kept on reading and studying, and suddenly, almost without knowing how I did it, I began the book, and here is your copy."

"Oh, Ezra, I was writing only dreams! I see it now, and you have written truths. Oh, I am ashamed!"

"Well, you needn't be. You are the cleverest, sweetest and best girl in the world. When shall we start?"

"Now—this minute!" said Edna.

One Virtue of Art.

The greater number of us are condemned by circumstance of income and the routine of duty to a life restrained by walls, streets and the more or less flexible bounds of the community. The greater world without is defined by such impressions as the books and the newspapers and the chance travelers make upon our imaginations. When the opportunity of vacation or enforced travel takes us into country and cities thus described, we learn how awry and colorless these initial impressions have been.

The life that goes on within our own walls must ever be narrow in this one sense—that the mind can never recreate all of any scene brought to us by others. The painter, as skillfully as the musician, can catch movement, light and poetry and can present them so far as they may be reproduced, to the senses of the beholder. His expertness at this is often weird, uncanny. At least a half dozen pictures can make one feel as if present in the scene, a thing impossible to the photographic or to any other of the graphic arts. This, we believe, is a valuable quality of art. It can bring a relief from the dulling rule of duty. It can impart a touch of the buoyancy of travel. It can, to employ a hackneyed but fitting phrase, take one out of one self.—Toledo Blade.

NAVAL RED TAPE.

The Result of Having Neither Coffins Nor Graves in Stock.

A case once occurred, which is vouchsafed for by naval officers who were present and who tell of it as a joke, showing the absurdities to which red tape can go. About twenty years ago a certain ship was in a foreign port. One of the men was taken sick and on the recommendation of the surgeon was sent to a hospital on shore. The man finally died and it became necessary to bury him.

The simple and straightforward method would have been to call in an undertaker and have him arrange for a decent casket and a lot in the cemetery. This would be the usual procedure with a business man or ordinary citizen. The regime of economy and reform, however, would not permit of so simple a course. What actually occurred was this:

The surgeon made a requisition on the paymaster for one coffin. Naturally he did not have one in stock and therefore it was forwarded to the fleet paymaster, who also, not being in the undertaking business, had no coffins on hand. Then the admiral directed the fleet paymaster to purchase one coffin after obtaining prices from six reputable dealers. The same course had to be followed in securing the grave. The surgeon made requisition on the paymaster for one grave. Strange as it may seem, the paymaster had no graves in stock. Neither had the fleet paymaster. Consequently the commander in chief directed the fleet paymaster to procure bids from six reliable dealers in graves and purchase one from the lowest responsible bidder.

All this, of course, is a screaming farce, but it is the horrible example to show what comes when common sense and experience are set aside to give color for the play of amateur and needless fancy.—Engineering.

KIDNAPING VOTERS.

Once a Regular Feature of Political Warfare in England.

In England a generation of two ago kidnaping was a regularly recognized feature of political warfare. On the eve of an election especially men of influence on either side would mysteriously vanish to reappear later with strange tales of forcible seizures, underground journeys in post chaises driven by yelling postilions, followed by longer or shorter terms of gilded imprisonment in great mansions, where they were wined and dined in sumptuous style and treated right royally in every way, only their liberty being denied them.

Quite humble voters, too, were forcibly abducted, but these did not always fare quite so well. Thus the victim made complaint before a magistrate that he had been decoyed from his house by a ruse and kept shut up in a coal hole for three days.

Wholesale kidnaping of voters in batches, too, was not unknown, the process being rendered easier by the custom of candidates paying the traveling expenses of their electors to and from the polling places.

For instance, at a certain Newcastle election a whole shipload of freemen of the borough dispatched from London by sea, were taken by the captain—who had been heavily bribed—to Ostend and there left stranded.

During the same contest, too, and under similar circumstances a number of hereditary electors who happened to reside in Legoland were dumped down in Norway, and a group of thirty Ipswich voters found themselves on the day of the poll cooling their heels upon the quay at Rotterdam.—Pearson's Weekly.

Pioneer Days in Missouri.

In 1851 there was in Huntsville a man who pulled teeth for 25 cents and a photographer who made daguerreotypes at $1.50 each. The first was called "doctor" and the second "professor." They moved in the highest circles, as being the representatives of the sciences and arts. With deer, birds and all manner of game in the woods and fine fish in the streams so cheap that the poorest larders were stocked with it, the grocers did a big business in mackerel, herring and sardines. The latter were real dainties, because the better food was so plentiful the pioneers got tired of it.—Macon Republican.

Money a Fleeting Joy.

Elinor was very anxious to bring home an Angora cat from Maine last summer. Her mother objected, thinking that the care of a cat from Maine to Connecticut was entirely too arduous a task, so she tried to "buy off" Elinor. "If you will say no more about the cat," she said, "I will give you a dollar to spend in Boston." Elinor looked quite thoughtful for a moment, then said, "But, mother, how much longer a cat would last than a dollar!"—Delineator.

Getting Ready to Propose.

A train stopped abruptly a few miles outside the little station of Hergatz, in Bohemia, and the passengers alighted to ascertain what had happened. They found the guard engaged in shaving the engine driver, who apologized for the delay and explained that he was about to propose to the young woman in the refreshment room at the next station, and he had no time to complete his toilet before starting.—London Standard.

Seeing Is Believing.

Mrs. Brown (to the new maid)—Well, Nora, I hope we shall get along very nicely. I'm not at all difficult to please. Nora—No, mum. That's just what I thought the very minute I set eyes on the master.—London Sketch.

MAKING A TUNNEL.

The Way Railroad Engineers Bore Through a Mountain.

Sometimes the construction engineer brings his new line face to face with a mountain too steep to be easily mounted, and then he prepares to pierce it. Tunnels are not pleasant to ride through. They are, moreover, fearfully expensive to construct, and they necessitate a double inspection. But—and the "but" in this case is a very large one—they reduce grades and distances in wholesale fashion, and so in a mountainous country the engineer must be prepared to drive tunnels and the folk who come after him to operate them. The tunnel job is apt to be a separate part of the work. It calls for its own expert talent.

If the tunnel is more than a half or three-quarters of a mile long it will probably be dug from a shaft or shafts as well as from its portals. In this way the work will not only be greatly hastened, but the shafts will continue in use after it is completed as vents for the discharge of engine smoke and gases from the tube.

The ordinary course of such work is by the use of cutting shields proceeding simultaneously from the portals and from the footings of the shafts. These shields are to be likened to steel rings of a circumference only slightly greater than that of the finished tunnel. Men working on different levels of this shield with pick and with drill and dynamite constantly clear a path for it, whereupon it is pressed forward. Tracks follow the cutting shield, and more locomotives, steam or electric, are used in removing the material. The use of electricity keeps the tunnel quite clear of gases and makes the safest light for the workers.

In rare cases the rock through which the tunnel is bored is strong enough to support itself, but in most cases the engineers prefer to line the bore with brick, as a rule, and this lining is set in place right in the path of the cutting shield. After long weeks and perhaps months of work the time comes when the different bores meet and the tunnel is a single underground tube from portal to portal.

THE AMERICAN WON.

Hobbs Picked All the Locks in the Bank of England.

The first world's fair, the Crystal palace at London, was held in 1851. It was at the Crystal palace that the American mechanic showed that he stood second to none in the world. Hobbs challenged Chubb, and Hobbs, the American mechanic, carried off the first prize as a locksmith. Hobbs represented an American manufacturer of iron bank safes. He placed his safe on exhibition and then set to work to pick the combination lock on the outside. Inside the safe was placed $250, or $1,250, and the free offer was made to the mechanics of the world that if they opened the safe the money contained therein could be taken for their success. The safe was never opened. At that time Chubb was famous all over England and in Europe as a lock maker. The Bank of England indorsed Chubb and used his locks exclusively. Hobbs examined the workmanship of the locks and offered to not only enter the inner doors of the Bank of England, but to open also the seven doors leading to the treasure safes, inside of two hours if permission was given. This was too much for the Britishers to stand, and they gave the necessary consent.

Hobbs was on hand two hours before the time for opening the doors of the bank arrived and announced himself ready to go to work. All the tools he had he carried in his vest pocket, consisting of about twenty picks. He opened the front door in seven minutes and entered the bank triumphantly. He next approached the outer door of the treasure safe. In six minutes the door opened, and before one hour had passed, half of the time he asked for, he had his hands in the treasure of the bank, much to the amazement of the directors of the bank and to the intense disgust of Chubb, a man of influence and wealth. He took his defeat gamely, however, and soon set to work to improve his locks. This he did by taking Hobbs into his employ as an adviser.

Know What He Wanted.

"Gimme a dime's wuth o' dried beef an' sum crackers," said Uncle Josh to the young lady in charge of the ribbon counter in a downtown store.

"You have evidently made a mistake in the place," she smilingly replied. "This is a dry goods store."

"Waal, now, I reckon I know'd that, b'gosh," said the old man, "an' ef dried beef an' crackers hain't dry goods then I'd like to know what in tarnation you'd call 'em?"—Chicago News.

A Composite Product.

Mrs. Boggs — Mr. Meekman is a splendid example of what a man ought to be. Mr. Boggs—Not on your life. He's a splendid example of what a wife, two sisters, a grownup daughter and a mother-in-law think a man ought to be.—Puck.

Training Grounds.

"Do you consider a college training an advantage?"

"Unhesitatingly yes. At the same time some of our best ball players have learned the game on back lots."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Poor Men.

She—They say girls can't throw straight, but when a girl throws sly glances I notice she generally hits the mark. He (recently bitten)—Yes—the easy mark.—Boston Herald.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Stone mahoning
State Senator—Frank B. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKeon Smethport; R. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy B. Hoyt, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Starkey, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford
Com'r's Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. R. Anderson, Clermont; A. K. Coon, Coryville
Coroner—E. A. Sherman, Bradford
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hoyle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Hookey, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. White, E. W. Worksey, G. H. Deuning, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Hamlin, H. H. Susse.
Justice—H. C. Gleason.
Constable—G. L. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. H. Reidlen, John Clark.
Collector—L. C. Gleason.
Assessor—O. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Colwell, W. B. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Hubbs.
Inspectors of Election—L. L. Tracy, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 368, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SANFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. J. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 384, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third; and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WADE BENNETT, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 327, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 342, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

E. F. WHYSALL, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE LAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 2 p. m. in the M. E. church.

MRS. E. A. BARCLAY, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. MCCANDLESS, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 251, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

JENNIE LAUGHLIN, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Tuesdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. NELLIE CURTIS, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MCCANDLESS, Sec'y.

I. O. K. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

E. C. LOOMIS, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and Sunday school at 12 m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday at 7:00 p. m. Special prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday school every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—P. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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THE BEST MAN

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

(Continued from last week.)

It took the young lawyer some time to dress for dinner that night. His usually direct mind vacillated between right and wrong, wrong and right; and he floated from one to the other like an unattached cork. He made a dozen annoying blunders in dressing. And when finally the pier-glass reflected an irreproachable and finished picture, he searched his cast-off vest for his growing monster and transferred it to the pocket of his coat. Monster! Here was no story-monster, like the creature of a Frankenstein; it was genuine, and was like to turn upon him at any moment and rend him. He shrugged and proceeded down the stairs. There are soliloquies that sometimes leave an unpleasant taste behind. So he plumed his faith to the banner of the late

"You Are Not Going Are You, Grandpa?" asked Norah.

genial and hopeful Micawber; some thing might turn up for the benefit of all concerned.

The hall and living room of the Cavenaugh manor were one and the same. There were bookcases running along the walls, window seats, a reading table and an ancient chimney seat. As Carrington turned the first landing he stopped.

"Father, I think it positively dreadful the way you treat poor grandpa." This was Norah.

There was a crackle of a newspaper.

"Never mind, Norah, darling; your grandpa is used to it. It doesn't matter at all."

It was the sight of the last speaker that brought Carrington to a stand. Norah's grandpa was no less a person than the shabbily dressed old man he had seen at the station that afternoon. What kind of family skeleton in the closet was he that they kept him on camera? He combed and went on.

Norah was plucky, whole-hearted, frank and uncommunicative.

"Mr. Carrington" she said immediately, "this is my grandpa."

Carrington did not hesitate a moment, but smiled and thrust out his hand, which the other grasped with a questioning air of diffidence.

"Glad to meet you, sir," said Carrington.

Cavenaugh lifted over the top of his paper, scowled, and resumed his reading. Kate hadn't come down yet, so she missed this scene. When she did appear, there was no visible sign of any previous agitation. She and Norah were thoroughbreds.

"Why, grandpa!" she cried, extending her hand.

The old man bowed over it and kissed it, and his action was lacking neither in grace nor gallantry.

"I happened to be down this way on business," said the old man with a covert glance at his son, "and thought I'd drop in."

"Dinner is served," said the splendid butler, as he slid back the doors to the dining room.

The old man looked about him questioningly, and Norah slipped her arm through his. "You'll have to take me in, grandpa," she laughed.

The old man's eyes shone for a moment, and he patted her hand.

"I'm as proud as a king, Norah."

Now, Carrington could read between the lines. It was manifestly plain that grandpa was not welcome to Cavenaugh. But why? Mrs. Cavenaugh scarcely tolerated him. While the girls seldom if ever spoke of him, it was evident that both held him in their affections. There were many things going on in the Cavenaugh manor; and Carrington entered the dining room in a subdued state of mind.

by Andrew Nash, success! In drawing the pariah out of himself, Carrington was soon launched on an amazing range of adventures. The old man had seen China in the throes of civil war; he had been to the Canadian northwest as a settler, and had touched the shores of many strange lands. Grandpa Cavenaugh was anything but illiterate. Quite often there was a flash of wit, a well-turned phrase, a quotation. He had, besides, a comprehensive grasp of the politics of all countries.

Carrington saw at once that his half-formed opinion was a house of cards. There was no reason in the world why they should be ashamed of him, shunt him off into the side-track of obscurity, and begrudge him a plate at the table. Carrington realized that he was very close to some peculiar mystery, and that the old man's bitterest enemy was his son.

Throughout the meal the millionaire preserved a repelling silence. From time to time, when there was laughter, he scowled. Once or twice Mrs. Cavenaugh essayed to pass an observation across the table to him, but a curt nod was all she received for her pains. Presently Cavenaugh dropped his knife on his plate, and the pariah retreated meekly into his shell. In fact, he looked frightened, as if the thought had come to him that he had made an irreparable blunder in warming under his grandchildren's smiles.

"Carrington," said Midas, balling his napkin and tossing it on the table, "your particular branch is corporation law, isn't it?"

"Yes. The firm has some reputation in that branch." Carrington glanced curiously at his host. What was coming now? Was it possible that Cavenaugh had in some way learned of his discoveries and was about to placate him?

"I believe you handled successfully the D. & M. railroad deal?"

"We won in three courts."

"Well," continued Cavenaugh, "I've been thinking of you to-day. The P. & O. counsel has had to give up on account of poor health, and Matthewson spoke to me yesterday, asking if I knew a man who could fill his place. It pays seventeen thousand the year." He paused as if to let this magnificent salary sink into the deepest crevice of Carrington's soul. "What would you say to a permanent berth like that?" Cavenaugh positively beamed.

Kate stared at her father in astonishment. Was it possible that he was beginning to look favorably upon Carrington? Her glance traveled to Carrington. His expression she found puzzling.

"Seventeen thousand!" murmured the pariah, rubbing his hands, while his eyes sparkled.

Carrington deliberated for a space. He was hard put. He did not want to refuse this peace-offering, but nothing would make him accept it.

"This is very fine of you. Two years ago I should have jumped at the chance. But my agreement with my partner makes it impossible. I can not honestly break my contract within five years." He waited for the storm to burst, for Cavenaugh was not a patient man.

"Are you mad?" whispered Kate. A flush of anger swept over her at the thought of Carrington's lightly casting aside this brilliant career.

"Would you have me accept it?" he answered in a whisper lower than hers.

She paled. "I had forgotten," she said, with the pain of quick recollection.

The dinner came to its end, and everybody rose gratefully, for there seemed to be something tense in the air.

"Seventeen thousand honest dollars!" murmured the pariah, tagging along at the millionaire's heels.

Carrington threw him a swift penetrating glance; but the old man was looking ecstatically at the tinted angels on the ceiling. The old man might be perfectly guileless; but Carrington scented the faintly bitter aroma of irony.

Just before the carriage arrived to convey Carrington and the ladies to the club dance grandpa appeared, hat in hand and a humble smile on his face. It was a very attractive face, weather beaten though it was, penciled by the count of 70 years.

"You are not going, are you, grandpa?" asked Norah.

"Yes, my child. I should be very lonesome here alone with poor old Uncle Arthur. I'll drop in to-morrow for Sunday dinner; that is, if you are not going to have company. I am glad that I met you, Mr. Carrington."

"Poor old grandpa!" sighed Norah when the door closed upon him. "He has the ridiculous idea that he isn't wanted."

Nobody pursued the subject and Norah began to preen herself.

An idea came to Carrington. He wanted to be rid of his documents. He spoke to Kate, who nodded acquiescingly. She led him into the sitting room. In one corner, protected by a low screen, was a small safe. This she threw open, and Carrington put the envelope into one of the pigeon holes. The safe was absolutely empty, a fact which puzzled him not a little.

"We seldom use this," said the girl, reading the vague unspoken question in his eyes. "The jewel safe is upstairs in my room."

"It doesn't matter in the least," he replied, smiling, "so long as I may safely rid myself of these obnoxious papers. And if you do not mind, I'll leave them there till Monday morning. I've thought it all out, Kate. A man's only human, after all. I could never prosecute the case myself; I'd be thinking of you and the bread I have eaten. I'll turn the matter over to Challoner, and let him do as he thinks best. Of course, I shall be called as a witness when the case comes up in court, if it ever does."

She did not reply, but shut the door of the safe and rose from her knees.

The south side of the dining room was made up of long colonial windows that opened directly upon the lawn. They were more like doors than windows. She locked each one carefully and drew the curtain.

"Norah is probably growing impatient for us," she said.

With an indescribable impulse he suddenly drew her into his arms and kissed her. It might be the last he could ever claim.

"John!" she murmured, gently disengaging herself.

"I love you," he said, "and I could not help it. Everything looks so dark."

The clock in the hall chimed the quarter hour after 11. Cavenaugh was in his den. His desk was littered with sheets of paper, upon which were formidable columns of figures and dollar signs. He sat back in his chair and listened. He thought he heard a door or window close; he wasn't certain. It was probably one of the servants. He bit off the end of a fresh cigar and resumed his work. Let the young people play golf, if they wanted to, and dance and frivol away the precious hours; they would never know the joy of seeing one become two, two become four, and so on, till the adding grew into the ransoms of many kings. Ay, this was to live. Oh, the beautiful numerals! Brigade after brigade, corps after corps, they marched at a sign from him, an army greater than that of kings. To sit in a little room, as in a puppet booth, and juggle the policies of the nations! Yes, Kate should have a duke and Norah a prince; he would show them all some day. Recollecting Carrington, he frowned. Did the fellow know anything, that he felt the power to refuse an offer such as he had made at the dinner table? Bah! It would be like crushing some insect. He determined that this should be Carrington's last visit. His pen moved once more, and presently he became lost in his dreams of calculation.

But Cavenaugh's ears had not deceived him, however, for he had heard the sound of a closing window. A window had been closed, but none of the servants had been at hand.

At precisely 11 a man came swiftly but cautiously across the lawn. When he reached the long windows of the dining room he paused, but not irresolutely. There was a sharp rasping sound, followed by the uncertain glare that makes the light of a dark-lantern separate and individual, and a window swung noiselessly inward. The room was in total darkness. The man wore a short mask, a soft felt hat well down over his eyes. He cupped his hand to his ear and strained to catch any sound. Silence. Then he dropped behind the screen, consulted a slip of paper by the light of his lantern, and with a few quick turns of the combination knob opened the door of the safe. He extracted the envelope and thrust it into his pocket, without so much as a glance at its contents. In making his exit, the wire on the sill. In pressing it the lock snapped loudly. This was the sound Cavenaugh heard. The burglar ran lightly across the lawn and disappeared beyond the hedges. And none too soon.

The Cavenaugh drag rolled over the hill and went clattering up to the porte-cochere.

On the way home Carrington, his mind still wavering between this expedient and that, decided that, after all, he would take charge of the papers himself. It didn't seem quite fair that Cavenaugh's safe should protect

It Had Been Opened by Some One Who Knew the Combination.

his ultimate fortunes. So, upon entering the house, he confided his desire to Kate, who threw both her wraps and led him into the dining room. She had her own reasons for wishing the papers out of the safe. She turned on the lights and twirled the combination knob. At this moment Norah came in.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Mr. Carrington left some valuable papers in the safe, and he wants them."

Carrington wondered why Norah gazed from him to her sister with so wild an expression.

"Papers?" she murmured.

Kate opened the door. She sprang to her feet in terror and dismay.

"What is it?" cried Carrington, who saw by her expression that something extraordinary had happened.

"They—it is not there!"

Norah sat down and hid her face on her arms.

Carrington rushed over to the safe, stooped and made a hasty examination. It had been opened by some one who knew the combination! He stood up, a cold chill wrinkling his spine. He saw it all distinctly. Cavenaugh knew. He had known all along. Cavenaugh had overheard him speak to Kate and had opened the safe after their departure for the club. It was all very plausible now. He knew that Kate was utterly blameless. Then it dawned upon him that they appeared as though they accepted the catastrophe as not wholly unexpected. To what did this labyrinth lead?

A rattle of the curtain rings behind them. They beheld Cavenaugh himself standing in the doorway.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, eyeing Carrington suspiciously.

Carrington answered him icily. "I left some legal documents of great value in this safe; they are no longer there."

Cavenaugh's jaw dropped. He stared at Kate, then at Norah. If ever there was written on a face unfeigned dismay and astonishment, it was on the millionaire's. A moment before Carrington would have sworn that he was guilty; now he knew not what to believe. He grew bewildered. There had certainly been a burglar, but who was he?

"Mr. Carrington," said Cavenaugh, pulling himself together with an effort, "you need have no worry whatever. I will undertake to restore your documents. I offer you no explanations." He left them abruptly.

The young lawyer concluded to grope no longer. Somebody else would have to lead him out of this labyrinthine maze. All at once there came to him a sense of infinite relief. Providence had kindly taken the matter out of his hands.

"Never mind, Kate," he said. "For my part, I should be entirely satisfied if I never saw the miserable thing again."

"Father will find it for you." Her eyes were dim with tears of shame.

"What is it, girl?"

"Nothing that I can explain to you, John. Good night."

When he had gone to his room, Norah turned to her sister and sobbed on her breast.

"Oh, Kate!"

"What is the matter, child?"

"I told grandpa the combination!"

CHAPTER III.

Carrington tumbled out of bed at six and threw out the old-fashioned green blinds. A warm, golden summer morning greeted his eyes, and the peaceful calm of Sunday lay upon the land. A robin piped in an apple tree, an oriole flashed across the flower beds, and a bee buzzed just outside the sill. A brave day! He stepped into his tub, bathed, and dressed in his riding clothes, for there was to be a canter down to the sea and return before breakfast. From the window he could see the groom walking the beautiful thoroughbreds up and down the driveway. There were only two this morning; evidently Norah was not going.

The Cavenaugh girls had created almost a scandal and a revolution when they first appeared at Glenwood. People had read and talked about women riding like men; they had even seen pictures of them; but to find them right at hand was something of a shock. Yet, when they saw with what ease the Cavenaugh girls took the hedges, ditches and fences, how their mounts never suffered from saddle-galls, and, above all, how the two always kept even pace with the best men riders, opinion veered; and several ladies changed their habits.

Norah, who saw the droll side of things, once said that the accepted riding habit for women reminded her of a kimono for a harp.

Carrington stole gently down to the horses. He had great affection for the sleek thoroughbreds. Their ears went forward when they saw him, and they whinnied softly. He rubbed their velvet noses and in turn they nuzzled him for sugar loaves. Had it not been for the night and the attendant mysteries, his happiness would have been complete. People waste many precious moments in useless retrospection; so Carrington resolutely forced the subject from his mind. One thing was certain, the Cavenaughs knew who the burglar was, and there was something strange in the idea of an empty safe in a millionaire's home. Pshaw! He took out the expected sugar loaves and extended them on both palms. The pair lipped his hand and crunched the sweets with evident relish.

"How are they today, James?"

"Fit for 30 miles, straight away or cross lots sir. Your mount is feeling his oats this morning; he hasn't been out for a run since Thursday, sir. I've put the curb on him in case he takes it into his head to cut up shines. Here comes Miss Kate, sir."

Carrington's pulse rose. Kate was approaching them. She was pale but serene. She smiled a good morning, which took in the gentleman and the groom.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting."

"Not a moment. I only just got down, myself," said Carrington.

She mounted without assistance and adjusted her skirts. The filly began to waltz, impatient to be off.

"To the beach?" Carrington asked, swinging into his saddle.

She nodded and they started off toward the highway at a smart trot. Once there, the animals broke into an easy canter, which they maintained for a mile or more. Then Kate drew down to a walk.

"What a day!" said he, waving his hand toward the sea line.

There was color aplenty on her cheeks now, and her eyes shone like precious stones. There is no exhilaration quite like it. She flicked the elders with her crop, and once or twice reached up for a ripening apple. In the air there was the strange sea smell, mingled with the warm scent of clover.

"I'll race you to the beach!" she cried, suddenly.

"Done! I'll give you to the sixth tree." He laughed. There was really nothing at all in the world but this beautiful girl, the horses, and the white road that wound in and out to the sea.

She trotted her mount to the sixth tree, turned, and then gave the signal. Away they went, the horses every bit as eager as their riders. With their ears laid back, their nostrils wide, their feet drumming, they thundered down the road. Carrington gained, but slowly, and he had to hold his right arm as a shield for his eyes, as the filly's heels threw back a steady rain of sand and gravel. Faster and faster; a milk wagon veered out just in time; foolish chickens scampered to the wrong side of the road, and the stray pigs in the orchards squealed and bolted inland. It was all very fine. And when they struck deep water sand the animals were neck and neck. It was now no easy task to bring them to a stop. Carrington's hunter had made up his mind to win, and the little filly was equally determined. As an expedient, they finally guided the animals toward the hull of an ancient wreck; nothing else would have stopped them.

"How I love it!" said Kate, breathlessly, as she slid from the saddle. "Beauty, you beat him, didn't you!" patting the dripping neck of her favorite.

They tethered the horses presently and sat down in the shade of the hull.

"Nothing like, is there, girl?"

"I hate automobiles," she answered, irrelevantly.

The old, old sea quarreled murmurously at their feet, and the white gulls sailed hither and thither, sometimes breasting the rollers just as they were about to topple over into running creamy foam. The man and the girl seemed perfectly content to remain voiceless. There was no sound but the song of the sea; the girl dreamed, and the man wondered what her dream was. Presently he glanced at his watch. He stood up, brushing the sand from his clothes.

"Half an hour between us and breakfast, Kate. All aboard!"

The night before might have been only an idle dream.

So they took the road back. Only the sea and the gulls saw the tender kiss.

The pariah sauntered in at two o'clock that afternoon, just as the family were sitting down to luncheon. He was a revelation. There was nothing shabby about him now. He wore a new suit, spats, a new straw hat, and twirled a light bamboo. There was something jaunty and confident in his air, a bubbling in his eyes; altogether, he was in fine fettle about something. He cast aside his hat and cane with a flourish.

"Aha! just in time," he said. "Another chair, William."

The butler sent a dubious glance at his master; there was the usual curt nod and slow assent. So grandpa sat down beside Norah, whose usual effervescence had strangely subsided; he pinched her cheek, and deliberated between the cold ham and chicken.

"A fine day! A beautiful day! A day of days!" he cried, surrendering to the unpretentious lure of both meats.

Nobody replied to this outburst of exuberance; nobody had the power to. A strange calm settled over every one. This was altogether a new kind of grandpa. There was nothing timid or hesitant here, nothing meek and humble; neither was there that insufferable self-assurance and arrogance of a disagreeable man. Grandpa's attitude was simply that of an equal, of a man of the world, of one who is confident of the power he holds in reserve; that was all. But for all that, he was a sensation of some magnitude. Carrington was seized with a wild desire to laugh. The truth came to him like an illumination; but he wisely held his peace.

"There is something in the air today that renews youth in old age; oh, my son?" with a sly wink at Cavenaugh.

Cavenaugh's expression of wonder began to freeze and remained frozen to the end of the meal. So all the honors of conversation fell to grandpa who seemed to relish this new privilege.

"Father," said Cavenaugh, holding back his accumulated wrath, "I want to see you in my study."

"Immediately, my son. I was just about to make that same request." Grandpa looked at Kate, then at Carrington. "I suppose you young persons will invite poor old grandpa to the wedding?"

"Father!" This was altogether too much for patrician blood. Cavenaugh's face reddened and his fists closed convulsively. "You will do as I say, or father, not to meddle with private affairs. Kate is my child and she shall marry the man it pleases me to accept."

Carrington felt the cut dart over grandpa's shoulder. He winced uneasily.

"Oh, if that's the way you look at it?" with a comical deprecatory shrug. Grandpa touched Carrington on the arm. "Young man, do you love this girl? No false modesty, now; the truth and nothing but the truth. Do you love her?"

"With all my heart!" Carrington felt the impulse coerce. Something whispered that his whole future depended upon his answer.

"And you, Kate?"

"I love him, grandpa," bravely.

"That's all I want to know," said grandpa.

Cavenaugh released one of his fists; it fell upon the table and rattled things generally.

"Am I in my own house?" he bawled.

"That depends," answered grandpa, suavely. "You've got to behave yourself. Now, then, let us repair to the secret chamber of finance. It is the day of settlement," grimly.

Mrs. Cavenaugh was nearly weeping. The dread moment had come when she had been lulled into the belief that it would never come. Kate understood, and longed to go to her and comfort her; and she trembled for her father, who knew nothing of the pit that lay at his feet. Carrington dallied with his fork; he wished he were anywhere in the world but at the Cavenaugh table. The desire to laugh recurred to him, but he realized that the inclination was only hysterical.

Cavenaugh was already heading for the study. He was in a fine rage. Grandpa was close on his heels. At the threshold he turned once more to Carrington.

"You know your 'Tempest,' young man, I'm sure," he said. "Well, this is the revolt of Caliban—Caliban uplifted, as it were."

The door closed behind them, and father and son faced each other.

"I'll trouble you for those papers you took from the safe last night," said the son, heavily.

"Ah, indeed!" said grandpa.

"At once; I have reached the limit of my patience."

"So have I," returned grandpa. "Perhaps you know what these papers are about?"

"I know nothing whatever, save that they belong to Mr. Carrington. Hand them over."

Grandpa helped himself to a cigar and sat down. He puffed two or three times, eyed the lighted end and sighed with satisfaction.

"If you but know what they were about, these papers, you would pay a cool million for their possession. My word, it is a droll situation; reads like the fourth act in a play. If you have a duke picked out for Kate, forget him."

"She will never marry Carrington!" Cavenaugh's voice rose in spite of his effort to control it.

"My son, they will hear you," the pariah warned. He blew a cloud of smoke into the air and sniffed it. "You never offered me this particular brand," reproachfully.

"Enjoy it," snapped the other, "for it is the last you will ever smoke in any house of mine."

"You don't tell me!"

"Those papers, instantly!"

"Be it known by these presents, et cetera, et cetera," said the old man. He rose suddenly, the banter leaving his lips and eyes, and his

"Hand Them Over."

jaw setting hard. "You had better get your check book handy, my son; for when I'm through with you, you'll be only too glad to fill out a blank for fifty thousand. I consider myself quite moderate. This young Carrington is a mighty shrewd fellow; and I'd rather have him as a friend than an enemy. He has made out his case so strongly that it will cost you a pretty penny to escape with a whole skin."

"What are you talking about?"

"The case of the people versus Cavenaugh et al. It concerns the clever way in which you and your partners slid under the seven per cent. dividend due your investors; which caused a slump in the price of the shares, forcing thousands to sell their stock; which your friends took at a handsome profit. Mohock! The millions you have are not enough; you must have more. There are about twelve of you in all, not one of you worth less than three millions. What a beautiful chance for blackmail!"

Cavenaugh sprang back, and his legs, striking a chair, sent it flying. It struck the floor and broke. His father looked at it, like the Medusa's head!

"Aha! That jars you some," chuckled grandpa.

It took Cavenaugh some time to recover his voice, and when he did it was faint and unnatural.

"Is this true?" he gasped.

"It is so true that I'll trouble you for the check now."

"Come, father, this is no time for nonsense," Cavenaugh waved his hand impatiently. "Let me see the document."

"Hardly. But the moment you place the check in my hands I shall be pleased to do so. But there must be no reservation to have payment stopped."

"I will not give you a single penny!" The mere suggestion of giving up so large a sum without a struggle seemed preposterous. "Not a penny! And furthermore, I am through with you for good and all. Shift for yourself hereafter. Fifty thousand! You make me laugh!"

"I shall make you laugh, my son; but not on the humorous side." The old man doubled out his hand and struck the bell.

"What do you want?" asked Cavenaugh suspicious.

"I want the matter of the document. I propose to take the family skeleton out of the closet and dandle it up and down before the young man's eyes. You will laugh, I dare say."

Cavenaugh fell back in his chair again. The door opened and William looked in.

"You rang, sir?" to Cavenaugh fils.

"No, William," said Cavenaugh pere, affably; "I rang. Call Mr. Carrington." The butler disappeared. "It is my turn, Henry, and I have waited a long time, as you very well know. Ha! Sit down, Mr. Carrington, sit down."

(To be Continued.)

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How They Struck Oil

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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HAD Cicely's aunt died and left her the farm in midwinter when the mercury stood at zero and the wind was howling around the street corners, it is more than probable that the outcome would have been different.

But the news of her inheritance reached her early in the spring, when the buds were swelling on the trees and the corner groceryman was selling radishes not as big as the end of your thumb for 5 cents a bunch—five in a bunch. It was the radishes that finally decided Cicely. She had read of women who had made fabulous sums out of just such radishes, together with lettuce and peas and new laid eggs and young broilers. Cicely was filled with a strong desire to go and do likewise.

She resigned from the kindergarten where she taught, and she induced her dearest friend, Madge Carton, who worked in a downtown office, to do likewise. Madge had been born on a farm, so naturally she would be a most desirable partner in the chicken raising and truck gardening industry.

On the journey Cicely was dreamy and pensive. Occasionally she wept a little. She had never liked her aunt, and she had paneled her dislike returned with interest. Now she suffered the pangs of remorse.

When after two days and nights of travel they reached the farm she wept again, tears of good, honest rage.

"I always knew Aunt Harriet disliked me," she wailed, "but I didn't suppose she hated me like this."

The outlook was certainly discouraging. The farm was for the most part rocks, the kind that go deep down under the surface and multiply as they go. The house was no bigger than it should be to shelter two people and no better than it had to be to keep from tumbling down over their heads.

Madge undoubtedly would have wept, too, had she not recognized the necessity for at least one of them keeping up a good, stiff front.

When Cicely's angry sobs had subsided into pathetic gulps, they started on a tour of investigation. Flowers or shrubbery there were none, and but one tree, a forlorn and stunted maple with a few sickly green leaves struggling out on its bare branches. Half a dozen bedraggled fowls were scratching about its roots, and a dejected mule was biting at its lower branches. He was thin and hungry looking, but in him Madge saw possibilities.

"He's our only hope," she said. "We'll fatten him up and sell him. Perhaps he'll bring enough to get us back home."

Cicely sniffed dolefully, and they went back to the house. At the back door they found a man waiting for them. He said his name was Victor Ellwood and that he lived on the farm next theirs. He was a young fellow, tall and broad shouldered. His hands were the hands of one who toils, and his face was tanned by sun and wind. But his eyes were humorous and kindly, and his smile warmed you through and through. His arms were full of suggestive brown paper packages.

"Some groceries the last people left here," he explained. "I took them home with me for—or—safe keeping."

He was drawing somewhat upon his imagination, but the two girls, lonely

"OH, YES, I KNOW," SAID MADGE.

and homesick and hungry, blessed him for his kindly tact and forethought.

"They told me in the village," he went on, "that you had come." His eyes rested on Cicely, small and slender and dainty as a Dresden shepherdess. "It's a shame," he blurted out indignantly, "a howling outrage! If I had known to whom this pile of rocks had been left I would have written you not to come."

Cicely's lips began to quiver, and Madge hastily interposed.

"We're going to fatten up the mule," she said, "and sell him for money to go back on. And," she added, "we'll throw in the farm."

Mr. Ellwood grinned appreciatively. "That's a good scheme," he said. "And while he's being fattened wouldn't you like to make him self supporting?"

"Yes," said Madge, "we would, particularly if he has a large appetite."

"Then," said Mr. Ellwood, "with your permission I'll take him home with me. You see," he explained, "I have a lawn, and if he'll eat the grass for me it will save cutting it."

Madge thanked him and invited him to stay for supper. In view of the fact that he had furnished the supper she could not well do otherwise, even had she so desired, which most emphatically she did not.

He looked at Cicely a good deal while they ate—Cicely was very good to look upon—but his conversation was addressed for the most part to Madge. As a matter of fact, it had to be that way. Cicely's accumulated woes pressed so heavily upon her that she was utterly incapable of anything beyond an occasional subdued "Yes" and "No."

Madge, however, chatted gayly. To her mind the situation was decidedly tolerable and growing more so every minute. And when next she looked upon the bleak vista of rocks that made up the immediate landscape she found it almost attractive.

* * * * * * *

"The only hope," observed Madge, "has come home again."

Cicely joined her in the doorway. "And he's thinner than ever," she declared pessimistically.

Then Mr. Ellwood came into view. He was doing an elaborate imitation of a man who has been running fast.

"He got loose," he panted. "And I've been following"—

"Yes," Madge broke in genially. "I know you have. I've been watching you down the road for the last five minutes." She waved a hand toward the mule. "I never in all my life," she said, "saw anybody so reluctant to take advantage of a handicap. How on earth did you induce him to get here first?"

Mr. Ellwood had the grace to blush.

"It—it's a very warm day," he stammered, tactfully trying to shift the conversation to a safe topic of general interest.

"It is," Madge agreed. "And I don't believe so much exercise is good for the mule. Besides, it will take a lot of your time to lead him home with you every night and dri—follow him back here every morning. Why don't you bring his meals to him?"

"Every day?" inquired Mr. Ellwood hopefully.

"Well, I really think he ought to be fed every day, but I'll leave that to you."

Cicely, who wondered miserably at her friend's high spirits, had retired into the other room, mopping her eyes. "She doesn't like it," Madge observed confidentially to Mr. Ellwood.

"And no wonder," he rejoined sympathetically. "You're going to stay?" he added.

"We must," said Madge, "for we've no money to get away on. And anyway," she added after a moment's pause, "I believe it isn't going to be half bad."

"If I can help it," said Mr. Ellwood heartily, "it's not."

He was as good as his word, and better. For Cicely he brought a hammock and flowers in pots and many little comforts that helped to render her life more tolerable. He treated her as might an elder brother a lovable but incapable sister.

But Madge was his comrade and friend. She had assumed the burdens Cicely was incapable of bearing, and he very naturally thought her the owner of the farm. He liked her pluck that wrested her hardly won garden from the rocky soil and her sturdy independence that always returned favor for favor. His own little place took on an added value because she had approved it. He gave the house a new coat of paint and planned when the crops should have been harvested to build a bigger porch. And he evolved little conveniences for the kitchen, shelves and closets and a flour bin, things of which his masculine housekeeping had not felt the need. He whistled as he worked, and before him there was ever a girl's face, a laughing face growing daily rosier and more sunburned—and happier.

"The only hope," observed Cicely complacently, "is certainly growing fat. If we could sell him by the pound as they do 'beef on the hoof,' I think they call it, we'd get quite a lot for him."

"He's too fat," Madge objected. "He looks stuffed. I think you feed him too much, Cicely. If Mr. Ellwood were at home I'd ask him to take a look at him. I'm quite certain his eyes ought not to have that glassy stare."

Later in the day the only hope succumbed.

"I don't really blame him for dying," said Cicely, who was weeping over the remains. "I suppose he was just naturally tired and discouraged and didn't care whether he lived or died—I've felt that way myself—but I do think it was most inconsiderate of him."

"He might at least," said Madge, "have gone off and done it somewhere else. Then we could have pretended he wasn't ours. As it is, we'll have to bury him, and how on earth we're ever going to dig a hole big enough to hold him I'm sure I don't know."

"We'll leave it to Mr. Ellwood," Cicely suggested. "We can wait till he gets back."

"I suppose we can," said Madge, "but there are reasons why the only hope cannot. I'm going to the village to secure expert assistance."

It was growing dusk when she returned. She was dusty and dishevelled, but in her eyes was the light of triumph.

"I have exchanged half the chickens," she announced, "for a stick of dynamite and a man to set it off. The only hope has played us a shabby trick, but he's going to have a first class funeral, little as he deserves it."

The next morning the man came, bringing the dynamite. The explosion rent the rocks and shattered all the windows. Then things began to happen.

"There's such a peculiar odor," said Madge, who was first to venture out of doors. "Don't you notice it, Cicely?"

But Cicely, divining what had happened, thrust her friend aside and sped on ahead. Madge found her staring down into a ragged hole from which there oozed up something that decidedly was not water.

Cicely turned and threw herself into the other girl's arms.

"Oh, Madge!" she cried hysterically. "Oh, Madge, we've 'struck' it! The only hope has saved us!"

* * * * * * *

"It'll make you a mint of money," said Mr. Ellwood glumly.

"You don't seem at all glad," said Madge, who always went straight to the heart of things.

"I'm not," said Mr. Ellwood bitterly. "You'll be rich, and you'll go away

"IF I WANT YOU," HE SAID.

I'm a beast and a cad, and I know it, but I can't help it. I don't want you to be rich. I was glad you were poor. All summer long we've worked together and helped each other. And I wanted it to go on just that way, for I loved you, Madge, and I wanted you to stay—with me. But now"—

A cool little hand slipped into his.

"I'm just as poor as ever I was," a voice whispered very close beside him. "Didn't you know? The farm and the oil and the money are Cicely's. And if you want me, dear"—

Victor Ellwood turned and swept her into his arms.

"If I want you!" he said. "Oh, Madge!"

No Wonder He Felt Hurt.

John Jeffs, who was remarkable for his large ears, has had a falling out with Miss Esmeralda Strype, toward whom he had been suspected of entertaining matrimonial intentions. Somebody asked him the other day why he and Miss Strype were not out driving as much as usual, to which he replied that he did not propose to pay trap hire for any woman who called him a donkey.

"I can't believe that Miss Strype would call any gentleman a donkey," was the reply.

"Well, she didn't exactly say that I was a donkey, but she might just as well have said so. She hinted that much."

"What did she say?"

"We were out driving, and it looked very much like rain, and I said it was going to rain on us, as I felt a raindrop on my ear, and what do you suppose she said?"

"I have no idea."

"Well," she said, 'The rain you felt on your ear may be two or three miles off.'"—London Tit-Bits.

Had None to Spare.

The boy had been taking piano lessons for just a week. Then his mother went to the musical college, hunted up his teacher and complained that, though her son had received three lessons, he could not yet play a single tune. The instructor politely explained that it was necessary to first teach scales, then exercises and after these were mastered his mother's wish could be gratified. The fond parent was not satisfied, but she concluded to try it awhile longer. At the end of another week she was back again and loud in her denunciation of the teacher and his methods because, so far as she could see, her son had made no advancement.

"Well, madam," said the exasperated professor, "I can teach your boy something, but I cannot give him brains."

"No," answered the mother scornfully, "you poor man, you don't look as if you had any to spare."

Civility of Cornish Folk.

It is pleasant to travel about in the country districts in Cornwall. Few of the people you meet cross your path without passing the time of day. If you ask the way you are invariably answered civilly. You are not told to go straight on and then ask again. No, you are directed with great minuteness of detail as to the proper course you should take. As likely as not, so I have found it, your casually picked up friend will say after an elaborate explanation of the right way that you will never find it alone and set off with you to the point you wish to gain.—Antiquary.

A Matter of Taste.

"Mister, you're wasting time sketching that old ruined bridge."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; there's a fine new steel bridge just a mile farther on."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cottage Shortcake.

In strawberry time try this delicious French shortcake: Make a cottage pudding. When fresh cut out a circle on top, lift it off and take out most of the inside. Fill with sugared berries, put on the cover, sprinkle sugar over all. Cut down through it as though it were cake. Serve with cream or berry juice. The next day make a pudding out of the crumbs you took out.

Washing Dresses.

If the good housewives will get five cents' worth of soap tree bark at the druggist and make a suds, using no soap, the goods, no matter how soiled they may be, will look like new. Pour hot water on the bark, let stand till soapy, drain in tub of warm water, wash and rinse.

HEROES OF THE DEEP

Brave Captains Who Have Perished With Their Ships.

A STERN RULE OF THE SEA.

"The Captain of the Vessel Shall Be the Last to Leave," and From This Mandate No Captain Is Exempt. Heroism In Face of Certain Death.

"The captain of the vessel shall be the last to leave."

This heroic sentiment has been exemplified time and again by the brave men who go down to the sea in ships, and to their everlasting honor there is no attempt or desire to shirk the fearful duty and responsibility. So it was that Captain Seelby of the ill fated Republic refused to leave his ship till every man, woman, child and member of his crew had been saved.

"The last to leave!" It is the law, universally acknowledged at sea by officers and men alike as the basis of self respect and honor. From it no captain is exempt.

One of the bravest of these heroes was Chief Officer Paterson of the British King. One day some winters ago he sailed from New York under Captain O'Hagan. Great storms impeded the passage of the ship, and so stupendous was the violence of the waves that they stove in the bow plates, and before the leakage was discovered tons of water rushed into the hold.

Captain O'Hagan told his men to shift the cargo, but barrels and cases were hurtling this way and that, and one of them, driving the captain back against the wall, crushed his leg so severely that he had to be carried to the lifeboat.

For a brief space there was no captain. Then Paterson took command. At a critical moment his strong personality and calm assurance saved the crew from panic. Three boats filled with sailors from the British King were launched in safety, while the new commander stood in silence on the bridge. Lower and lower sank the ill starred ship, and as she heaved and took her final plunge Paterson blew a farewell blast upon his whistle to the fast departing crew.

Quite different, but no less heroic, was the manner in which Captain Griffith of the Atlantic Transport line steamship Mohegan faced death. Though it was scarcely darker than twilight, he had run his vessel on the rocks near the Needles in October, 1898, and it was rapidly sinking. The last glimpse of Captain Griffith showed him standing on the bridge ordering the boats to be lowered in order to save his crew.

Heroic in death, too, was the captain of the oil ship Iowdiana, which several years ago was burned at sea. Before thinking of his own safety he saw every man of his crew clear of the doomed vessel, and then it was too late. Foot by foot he was driven forward by the flames till at last he hung over the bow. A tramp steamship came up, but the waters were too rough for the lowering of the boats. Finally the flames compelled him to loosen his hold, and while his ship burned fiercely on he was dashed into the angry seas beneath.

But still more dramatic was the death of Captain Delonele of the French liner La Bourgogne, sunk in the summer of 1898. As he stood one night upon the bridge a tall bark suddenly loomed out of the darkness and, dealing La Bourgogne a fatal blow, steamed hurriedly away. The men on board went frantic. In a scramble for safety firemen and crew lost their wits, and people ran up and down the deck in wild despair.

Delonele stood calm amid the tumult. Suddenly he abandoned himself to the dramatic horror of the scene and, seizing the whistle rope, sent into the skies one long, wild, wailing groan. It was Delonele's last salute.

Perhaps the noblest death of all was that of Captain Craven of the monitor Tecumseh at the attack in August, 1864, on Mobile. The ship was fast sinking. There was not a moment to be lost. At the foot of the ladder leading to the manhole above, the portal of safety, two men met, Captain Craven and his pilot. There would be time for but one to mount. The captain knew it; the pilot knew it. But there was no hesitation. With a smile Captain Craven stepped to one side.

"After you, pilot," he said.

The man sprang up the ladder, and his life was saved, but the brave captain was swept under and carried to destruction by the cruel sea.—London Answers.

Buying Fodder For the Newlyweds.

The newly married couple had just moved into their new home. On the morning after their arrival a baker called to solicit their trade. He found the young wife in the kitchen. After explaining that his wagon delivered once a day the baker asked, "And may we have your trade, madam?"

"Yes," she replied timidly; "we will give you a trial."

"And about how much bread will you want each day?"

"Well, I don't know exactly. You see, there are only two of us." Then doubtfully, "Would five loaves a day be enough, do you think?"—Judge.

The Answer.

"They say the Joneses are a very happy couple."

"But Jones is a traveling man and is very seldom at home."

"Exactly."—Cleveland Leader.

Him we call an artist who shall play on an assembly of men as a master on the keys of a piano.—Emerson.

It Didn't Fall Out.

"I see your hair is falling out, sir," remarked the hairdresser, who was getting ready to work the hair tonic idea on the customer.

"You don't see anything of the sort," rejoined his victim. "What you see is the sequel to a falling out between Mrs. Codgers and myself."—London Answers.

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